

T H E
P H I L O S O P H Y
O F T H E
P A S S I O N S ;

DEMONSTRATING
THEIR NATURE, PROPERTIES, EF-
FECTS, USE AND ABUSE.

Delectando et monendo. HOR.

VOLUME II.

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T H E

THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF THE
PASSIONS, &c.

B O O K III.

OF HOPE AND DESPAIR.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF HOPE.

THE art that lifts itself up from the earth to consider the heavens, and that neglects all the beauties of the heavens to admire only those of the Stars, informs us that the Sun changes aspects and influence in changing houses; for though he loses nothing of his virtue in this ap-
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parent course, though the eclipses that secrete him from our eyes, do not rob him of the brightness they hide from us; and though his distance from us does not diminish his heat: Yet there are places in the heavens, where his aspects are more favourable, and his influences more benign; there are constellations which he cherishes, and in which he takes pleasure to oblige all Nature; it seems also that they heighten his lustre, augment his force, and that he never appears more powerful than when acting in conjunction with them. Morality, which knows no Sun but Love, confesses that it acquires new powers by assuming new faces; for tho' always the same, and though the different names we give it, do not change its essence; yet it adjusts itself to the sentiments of our soul which it employs, and produces in conjunction with them effects, either more rare or more common. It is gloomy in sorrow, violent in anger, prompt in desire, enterprizing in courage, tranquil in joy, and dejected in despair. But it is never more agreeable than in Hope: This is the throne on which it appears with most pomp; this is the affection, in which it acts with the greatest efforts;

forts; and this is the Passion in which it flatters us with most sweetness. And indeed, it is the most generous mouvement of our Soul; it seems Nature had destined it for assisting great men in their most noble enterprizes, and that nothing memorable can be executed without the help of this passion. Alexander did not undertake the conquest of Asia but by its sollicitation; making a partition of all the possessions he had received from his father, he only reserved hope for his share, and he who found the world too little, contented himself with its promises. 'Twas hope, and hope only that Cæsar consulted, when he resolved to change the State of the Roman Republic, and make himself the master of that proud Sovereign, which gave kings to all the nations of the earth. All Conquerors have been its Slaves, and the Ambition that commanded them borrowed its force, and took advice only from the Hope, that roused and spirited up their courage.

But it is not so intimately familiarized to Princes, as not to retain a communication with their subjects, and extend its cares to the lowest conditions of men. It preserves the bonds of social life, and all

who welcome so pleasing a guest, are principally influenced by its motions. The farmer does not cultivate his fields, the merchant does not go to sea, the soldier does not fight battles, unsolicited by the sweets of Hope. Without any security, and with all its promises uncertain, it sees thousands obeying its orders, and expecting its rewards. It has more subjects than all Sovereigns together, and may boast that both are equally acted by its counsels. 'Tis it alone, that contents all men, and amidst the difference of condition, induces them to expect the same success. 'Tis it that promises the husbandman a plentiful harvest, the mariner a favourable wind, the soldier victory, and the father obedient children. All engage themselves on its word, and what is most strange, it is still believed after being detected in lies; it throws, however, such a specious colouring over its new promises, that on their assurance new enterprizes are formed, and new dangers engaged in. Husbandmen cultivate the earth after a bad year, and strive to conquer the sterility of their grounds by the assiduity and perfection of their labours; sailors put again to sea after a shipwreck, and decoyed by hope, forget the
the

the rage of Storms and the Sea's faithlessness; Soldiers return to battle after their defeat; elated with hopes, they attack the enemy they have beaten, and flatter themselves that Fortune will be tired in always favouring the same party: In short, there is no condition so wretched but this passion administers consolation to. Though addicted to deceit, it would fain appear faithful, and even in its levity will give proofs of constancy; for it accompanies its slaves to death, it follows delinquents to their places of punishments, it enters into prisons with captives, it mounts the scaffold with state criminals, and with whatever ill success it has repayed our desires, there is no man that can prevail upon himself to quit claim to its blandishments.

But as there is no advantage in the world, that does not contain the allay of some defect, so hope is not without a share of the mixture, and if it flatters men by its sweetness, it dismays them by the fear that attends on it; for the good it desires is absent and difficult; its absence disturbs it, and its difficulty frightens it; it well knows that what it seeks, is doubtful: even the name it bears informs it that the

event of its enterprizes is uncertain, and every time it considers the dangers that threaten it, it turns pale as well as fear; it seems to be of the temper of that great General, who never began a battle without trembling, as if he had apprehended the hazards his courage was likely to expose him to: It dreads its own efforts, and its boldness occasions the greatest part of its timidity. This maxim is so true, that some Philosophers were of opinion, that our hopes gave birth to our apprehensions, and that in order to be without fear, we should entertain no hopes; for though these two passions seem to imply a contrariety, because the Soul that hopes is full of confidence, yet they proceed from each other, and notwithstanding the badness of their association, they mutually aid, and seldom desert one another: They go along together, as Criminals with their Guards, fastened by the same chain, and almost reduced to the same servitude: But I am not astonished at their near affinity to each other, as having so many relations, and both being the passion of a man in suspense, whom the expectation of futurity keeps in a state of restlessness.

When,

When, unattended by fear, the knowledge of its strength assures it of the good success of its enterprize, it falls into another extremity, and furnishes our enemies with means to surprize us; for it is naturally indiscreet, and whatever good advice may be given it, it looks to the good that attracts, and does not consider the evil that surrounds it. Imprudently running into danger, and guided only by seductive appearances, it runs the risque of forfeiting its liberty to satisfy its inclination: Thus we see fishes swallow the hook, because covered with some bait; wild beasts give into toils, fancying to find some prey in them, and soldiers fall into an ambuscade, believing to gain some advantage: Whence Hope may be deemed a rash counsellor, seeing but a false glimmering amidst the darkness of futurity, and discovering but apparent goods, to throw us into hidden and real evils. For these reasons, Politicians always distrust its suggestions, and the great men that govern states, do not easily give credit to a passion, which has more warmth than wisdom, more courage than prudence. But though it should make good all it promises, and though the happiness it bids us to retain in expectancy

tancy, might not receive a mixture of disgust; still should we have reason to complain of its management, because feeding us with future prospects, it makes us forget what is past, and obliges us to ground our contentment on the most uncertain part of our life.

Time that measures all the things of the world has three discriminations, the past, the present, and futurity. The present is but a point; it flows so rapidly that it cannot be stopt; we are caught in a lie every time we speak of it; it never hears the beginning and end of the same speech; when we think to adopt it for a witness, or instance it in for an example, it slips out of our hands; we find it no longer present, and that it has already passed; Futurity succeeds it, but is so hidden, that the wisest of the world cannot discover its first moments; its darkness is so thick as not to be dissipated by all the light of prudence; the success of things is shut up within its abyss, and cannot be known without entering into eternity: One must be a Prophet to penetrate into its secrets, and all therein in regard to us is so doubtful and so confused, that often the days we appoint for our triumph, are destined far

for our defeat, and the hours we reserve for our diversions, are such as heaven has ordained for our punishment ; The past is no more, it flies, and we fly from it ; our wishes that affect some right over futurity, have no pretensions to it ; they cannot dispose of what is no more, and that supreme power which all things obey, will make no alteration in that part of time, till it shall please him to reform the world, and by drawing our body out of dust, shall render to the present, all that the past had taken from it. 'Tis true, that our memory has some jurisdiction over it ; it makes use of it for our consolation ; it recollects all our former subjects of happiness for the sweet recreation of our minds, and by an innocent artifice, converts our past disasters into present felicities ; it resuscitates our friends that we may enjoy their company ; it converses with the dead without horror, and in spite of the necessary laws of time, makes the past to revive, and restores to us all the gratifications it had robbed us of. And indeed, this is that part of our life which Philosophers love best ; it is that over which Fortune has no further power, and which cannot be incommoded by poverty, belaboured

boured by fear, nor abused by hope ; 'tis a sacred time, which accidents dare not meddle with ; 'tis a treasure, we cannot be robbed of, and Tyrants that may have power over the remainder of our life, have none over that which is past ; we are in peaceable possession of it, and let destiny do what it can, there is no depriving us of a good we enjoy from the sensations of our reminiscence : Yet Hope deprives us of these innocent acquisitions, and looking to nothing but futurity, hinders our thinking on what is past ; it impoverishes to enrich us, it strips us of certainties to buoy us up with uncertainties, and by an extreme injustice, draws us out of tranquility to engage us in storms.

I must confess that Prudence and Religion consider futurity, but do not pay that regard to it which hope does. Religion does not ground herself on that uncertain futurity, which amuses the generality of men, but on an assured futurity promised us in the holy Scriptures : She labours to acquire it, and employs all her reasons to persuade us that it ought to be the principal object of our desires ; she despises that deceitful futurity which human hope seeks after, and estimates it at so low a rate, that

that she would not have us deem it a part of our life ; she forbids us to think of the morrow, and even condemns the false prudence of men, who amass treasures and build palaces, as if they were certain of living out an eternity ; she would not have us defer to that unknown time the effect of our good resolutions, and by her profound knowledge of the uncertainty of all things, forbids us likewise to delay repentance, and commands us to hold the present day, as the last of our life. True Prudence considers futurity rather as a source of evil, than as a source of good, and when desirous of piercing into its darkness, rather counsels with fear than hope ; she distrusts every thing depending on Fortune, and well knowing in how great a degree the best conjectures are doubtful, always waits futurity for with uneasiness : Knowing also that good success is out of the reach of her power, she leaves to divine Providence the care of its management, and is not astonished when she sees the wisest counsels followed by unprosperous events ; so that hope is blameable for embarrassing us in a time not at our disposal, and placing all our happiness on moments and hours, which lie perhaps
beyond

beyond the course of our lives. 'Tis true, the condition of our nature obliging us to pretend some right to futurity, it is meet we should give something to the succession of time, and that having so few present advantages, should flatter ourselves with such as futurity promises; but we should never center our wishes in them as the sole objects of desirable things, as it must be the height of imprudence to forget the past, and quit the present, to feed perhaps on the inanity of future contingencies.

From all these good and ill effects of hope, it is easy to know and to define exactly its nature. It is therefore a motion of our irascible appetite, ardently seeking after absent, difficult, and possible good. The motion of the soul it has in common with all other passions; but it is different from fear, by considering the good and not the evil; from joy, by looking to an absent good, and not a present; and from desire, by not seeking after absolute good, but that which is difficult. All these qualities inform us that it may have its good and ill uses; that if the young abuse it in pleasures, the old use it properly in their affairs; and that if it be pernicious to prudence when indiscreetly supported

supported on the uncertainty of futurity, it is useful to Religion, when grounded on eternity. We shall see the proof of these truths in the following chapter.

C H A P T E R II.

OF THE ILL USE OF HOPE.

THE Passions cannot be more insolently abused, than when employed against the design of nature, or when by forcing their principal properties to clash with each other, they are made subservient to infamous masters, who by artifice or violence oblige them to desert the part of virtue. The ill use most men make of Hope cannot therefore be more evidently demonstrated, than by shewing that they run counter to its inclinations, and averting it from its lawful object, propose others unsuitable to it. According to the reasoning of all Philosophers, that passion ought to consider an absent, difficult, and possible good: Whence I conclude that the riches, honours, and pleasures of life cannot be its real objects, as having only
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the appearance of good, and that it is Opinion, which never calls things by their proper names, that has honoured them with an unmerited title. Reason teaches us, that all these things retain no other value but that which is attributed to them by ignorance and lies. Before Avarice had extracted gold from the bowels of the Earth, and by a thousand tortures had made it assume its dazzling colour, it passed only for an useless sand or lump of rubbish. Honour in so great a degree depends on opinion, that it is merely its work, and virtue must esteem herself very wretched, if she had no other reward but that which frequently is bestowed on crimes, which have been the result of fortunate chance, or are marked by some imposing lustre. The pleasures of life, far from being nocent enough, are too pernicious to man, to be ranked among the good things of his real well-being : Shame and regret accompany them ; pain which they fly from with so much care, constantly finds them out, and makes them to carry about with them the torment of all the excesses they had committed. This probably was what induced the Sage to call all these imaginary
good

goods by the name of deceitful * pictures, which are nothing in fact as they appear to the senses: For it seems to those who judge only of pieces of painting by the eyes, that they see birds flying in the air, plains extending beyond the reach of sight, and persons projecting, as it were, from the piece; yet when they approach, these they find to be nothing more than touches of the pencil, causing a deception of the senses, and exhibiting things that are not: So it is with all those perishable goods of which opinion has enhanced the reputation, and which are indebted for their principal value to the weakness or ignorance of men: They are but shadows of good, which containing no solidity, cannot be objects of hope: The wisest have therefore despised them, and there have been Philosophers who never more candidly acknowledged their vanity than amidst their pomp and grandeur.

The example herein given us by † Seneca, is too useful not to deserve attention: He says that Attalus had conceived a secret affection for wealth, and though he professed himself the Philosopher, had imagined

* Wisd. 15.

† Senec. Epist. 110.

gined that their goodness was on a par with their beauty, and that they contained as much sweetness as splendour. He fortunately assisted at a triumph, wherein all the magnificence of Rome was ostentatiously displayed. He saw vessels of gold and crystal, whose exquisite workmanship added to their value; superb habits, whose colours were still more precious than the stuff; troops of children and women, whose different beauties charmed equally the eye; slaves loaded with chains, who had but shortly before worn crowns and bore scepters; he saw all the spoils of the East, and those costly treasures which so many Kings had amassed during the length of so many ages; he saw, in fine, all that the Roman power had acquired most rare, since its ambition had given way to its avarice: This Philosopher, however, was cured of his distemper by the very means that should seem to increase it, and he made an ample confession of the vanity of wealth in the midst of its triumph. Reflecting on all that he had seen, and remarking that these things were not less useless than seductive, he generously despised them. This pomp, said he, could last but a few hours; the same afternoon

noon has seen its beginning and end, and though the chariots that carried all these treasures passed on slowly, they nevertheless passed away in a short time; what probability then is there, that what could not divert us a whole day, should occupy our thoughts during our whole life, and that we should not make a long punishment of a thing that was not able to bestow on us a long pleasure? Thus it was that this Philosopher learned virtue, where others conceived nothing but vanity; and every time objects presented themselves to his eyes whose appearance might give room to deception, he said; "My soul, what dost thou admire? Is it the pomp of a triumph thou seest, where things are shewn, and do not suffer themselves to be possessed, and where whilst they please us, they pass away and vanish from before our eyes?"

If riches, not being real goods, cannot be the object of our hope, all others which the world promises us cannot satisfy it, as not being sufficiently distant: For this passion extends its views very deep into futurity; neglecting present things, it sighs after absent, and makes its felicity consist in a well-being that has not yet happened. It

seems it would teach us that this world is not its abiding place, and that all the things that flatter our senses, and charm our eyes or ears, are not those it wants; it soars adventurously bold into Heaven, and carrying with it its pretensions into eternity, does not esteem absent what is shut up in the succession of time; by a generosity that cannot be enough praised, it despises all the grandeurs imagination can figure to itself an idea of, and aspires only to that supreme felicity, which * the eye has never seen, the ear has never heard, and the heart has never conceived. Those therefore do it an injury who constrain it to an attachment for all the objects of our earthly goods, and throw it into a state of languishing after things, that have not one of the conditions its good ought to possess. Besides being absent, it should be also difficult, and give trouble to those that are willing to acquire it. This term occasions error in most minds, and men finding difficulty in the search of the goods they wish for, imagine consequently that they deserve to be hoped for. The Avaricious, who cross the seas, who go to discover unknown lands, and seek

* 1 Cor. 2

new diseases under new climates, persuade themselves that riches are very desirable, as being so difficult to be obtained. The Ambitious, who enjoy not one hour of pleasing respite, and who find a thousand real hells in the imaginary paradises they frame to themselves, believe that honour is the only object of hope: But Philosophy pretends to annex difficulty to grandeur; it confounds the name of difficult with that of noble and generous; it condemns all those who sigh after infamous goods, and who forgetful of their noble origin, conceive no desires but such as terminate in contemptible things. Hope, too courageous to esteem smoke or dirt, pities all the base souls that involve themselves in infinite troubles for acquiring riches or honours: 'Tis true, they cost their votaries many labours, but to be difficult, they are not the more to be wished for; the troubles that encompass them, do not make them the more glorious, and they resemble the punishments of criminals, which are equally rigorous and infamous.

Lastly, all that the generality of men desire is not the end of hope, being most commonly impossible: For though this passion be bold it is prudent; it measures its

strength ; and though it engages in glorious enterprizes, it would fain have some assurance of their coming to pass ; it aspires only to the goods it can obtain, and quits the pursuit of them, so soon as found to surpass its power ; it chuses rather to pass for reserved than rash, and to confess its impotence, rather than make a shew of vanity. Yet all they that hope, exceed these bounds, and divesting this Passion of natural prudence, raise their desires beyond their merits, and seek often things equally unjust and impossible. A slave in irons promises himself liberty ; a criminal in the Executioner's hands still hopes for pardon ; a man banished the Court still pretends to a share in the government ; and there is scarce a wretch but flatters himself indiscreetly with some imaginary felicity : They persuade themselves that heaven will work a miracle in their favour, and that for the accomplishment of their desires, it will change the order of the universe.

But of all these mad folks, none are more deplorable than the far advanced in years, who seeing death already painted on their faces, still promise themselves a long life ; they daily lose the use of some parts of their body, they see only by art, 'tis with difficulty

difficulty that they hear, they walk with pain, and whatever they do, they have fresh proofs of their debility: Still they hope to live, and because our first progenitors lived several ages, they believe that by taking care of themselves, they shall guard against death, and taste after the many sins they have committed, a favour granted only to those who had not yet forfeited all their innocence. To conceive so unreasonable a thought, we must renounce our judgment, and be intirely unacquainted with the misfortunes, that are inseparably connected with old age: For all kinds of death admit the admixture of some hope; a fever leaves us after a certain number of fits; conflagrations are extinguished much in the manner they have been kindled; the sea throws up on its shores those whom it had swallowed up; a storm drives ships into port, and the soldier touched with pity gives life to his suppliant enemy: But he whom old age leads on to death, has no further reason to hope; no indulgence can be granted him, and Kings that prolong the lives of Criminals, cannot in such respect be of service to the old; their death may be easier, but it is more certain; and as no longer they ought to be in dread to die, in

like manner they ought no longer hope to live. But having now sufficiently considered the injurious treatment of Hope, we shall pass in review the good offices that may be rendered to it, by employing it according to its inclinations; and according to our wants.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF HOPE.

THE Christian Religion is intirely founded on hope, and making no account of the felicity of this world, it need be no matter of surprize if she sighs after a happiness to come. She confesses that she is not of this world, and does not find it strange to be persecuted in an enemy's country. She is confident that she is called from this wretched world to a more happy, and that having nothing to possess on earth, she should hope for all in heaven. 'Tis there that she directs her wishes; 'tis there that she expects to receive the effects of Christ's promises, and to enjoy that glory, of which she has here but the pledge,

pledge. She well knows that our Salvation is here only begun, and is not to be compleated but in heaven. All Christians instructed in her school, wait with a holy impatience the happy day, when the Son of God shall punish his enemies, and crown his subjects. They deem themselves already saved because so in hope, and amidst so many afflicting evils, comfort themselves in that virtue which promises a great deal, and still gives more. This salutary hope never yet confounded any one, and tho' for a time it suffers its claimants to be persecuted, it inspires them with so much courage, that far from feeling their pains, they taste the happiness of Angels in the midst of their punishments, and betray no dastardly mind, no servile sensibility at the fierce menaces of tyrants, and cruelty of executioners. Whatever accident may befall them they are always confident, and knowing that Christ is the foundation of their hope, they are perfectly undisturbed; the situation of their mind is tranquil and composed amidst all the alarming changes on the earth.

But whatever advantage Christians may draw from this sublime virtue, it must be confessed that it has nothing common with

that Passion which considers futurity, and seeks a possible and difficult good: The one is a Christian virtue residing in the will, and the other is a passion residing in a sensible appetite; the one is a pure effect of nature, the other is a pure work of grace; the one by its own strength can only extend to time, the other by its own vigour ascends to eternity; the one, in fine, does not make good all it promises, and often failing in word to its lovers, consigns them over to confusion and regret, but the other is so faithful in its promises, that those who have fought under its banners, confess that its rewards far exceed all their services. However, notwithstanding their difference, nothing in the main hinders their agreement. The best use that can be made of human hope, is to subject it to divine hope, and make it aspire by its help, to the possession of eternal goods: For though Passion is unacquainted with eternity, and being engaged in the body, scarce rises higher than the senses, nevertheless it has some inclination to follow Grace, and suffer itself to be guided by its motions. As it obeys Reason, it may likewise obey Piety, and as conducive to the utility of Moral virtue, it may in like manner be
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serviceable to Christian virtue. And if it be not giving it too much advantage, I think as it interferes with Patience and Fortitude, for forming moral habits, it may also coalesce with Hope and Charity, for forming supernatural: But without engaging in a dispute of the schools, it will be sufficient to say, that if all our passions can admit of being sanctified by Grace, Hope not being of a worse condition than the rest, may pretend to the same favour, and contribute to all the good works of Christians.

I therefore do not doubt but that the Saints made good use of it, and that enlightened by the light of faith, they placed in Jesus Christ all the Hope, they did in their Sovereigns, or in their Gods, whilst they lived in Paganism: I do not doubt but that this generous Passion, which had animated them in perils for the glory of their Princes, did also animate them for the cause of the Son of God; and I hold for certain, that as by its own prevalency it could have made good soldiers, it could equally by the assistance of Heaven make courageous Martyrs: For nature is the foundation of Grace, and as faith presupposes Reason, the strength of a Martyr

tyr presupposed the hope of a man, and that Passion must have operated in the heart of those generous Athletes, whilst Grace acted in their will. God daily makes use of the mouth of Prophets for explaining his mysteries; when he reveals to them the secrets of futurity, he adopts their words to declare them to his people, and in them accords Nature with Grace, to execute his designs.

I therefore think that the best use which can be made of Hope, is to subject it to three Christian virtues, which will know how to employ its warmth to good and useful purposes. The first is that which bearing its name, by an innocent artifice weans it from earth, and prompts it with desires for heaven: For tho' human hope is remakable for great generosity, it cannot pretend to the happiness of eternity, and though in the Soul of the Alexanders and Cæsars, it aspired to divine honours, this was not so much by its motion as by that of vanity: But when taught by faith, that God has chosen us for his children, and Jesus Christ has made us his brethren, to constitute us the heirs of his kingdom, it wishes through humility what others wished for through ambition. The second

cond. virtue it may serve is patience, which in all her sufferings has no other consolation left but hope; for whilst she engages in sharp conflicts with pains and sorrows, she would be a thousand times crushed and overwhelmed by their violence, if this glorious passion did not represent the rewards prepared for her, and did not mitigate present ills by promises of future happiness. For the better understanding of this, it will not be amiss to know that Patience is a virtue equally meek and pen- sive; she displays no splendour to the eye, and though she undertakes great things, she declines all the pomp of theatrical exhibition, obscurity and deserts being more agreeable to her, as contenting herself in the contemplation of him, who is to crown her sufferings: She can likewise exert no violence, and though her enemies are so powerful, she still defends herself by suffering, and does not render us victorious but with the loss of life: Scarce does she allow herself the liberty of complaint, and shews so little sensibility in regard to her doings and pains, that those unacquainted with her accuse her of stupidity: so great a coldness requires to be animated by the warmth of Hope, and so gentle a virtue wants

wants the assistance of an active Passion : 'Tis therefore meet that amidst the multiplicity of her disagreeable sensations, she should ruminate, as she does in fact, on the rewards promised her, and should amidst her piercing pangs of grief, soar to Heaven on the wings of Hope, and see with the eyes of Faith, the felicity prepared for her.

But the principal use we ought to make of this Passion, is when Fortitude, engaged in Pain, attacks those dreadful enemies that strive to triumph over its courage. There is this difference between Patience and Fortitude, that the first contents itself with suffering, and the second wants to act; the one conceals itself through modesty, the other produces itself through generosity; the one is mild, the other is severe; the one, properly speaking, suffers pains which it cannot avoid, and the other endures torments, which it might have delivered itself from : But with all their discriminations, they have this in common that they cannot do without Hope; 'Tis the Soul that gives them life, and these two excellent virtues would never have attracted to them the sight of men and angels, were they not animated by that Passion which

which looks to futurity. Vanity is not powerful enough to inspire us with a contempt of pain, and the Sect of the Stoics with all its pride, has disposed but very few Philosophers, to suffer generously the violence of tortures and the cruelty of executioners: But the Christian Religion has produced numberless Martyrs, who have conquered flames, withstood the fury of wild beasts, and triumphed over infidel Emperors. Their fortitude was founded on the virtue of Hope, and whilst endeavours were used to corrupt them by promises, to affright them by threats, and subdue them by torments, they raised themselves to heaven in spirit, and were attentive to the rewards God prepares for his faithful servants.

'Tis undoubtedly on this account that the great Apostle enobles Hope by so many glorious titles, and to express its wonderful effects, employs all the ornaments of his divine eloquence. Sometimes he call it an * Anchor that firmly keeps steady our ship on the sea, that makes us find tranquillity amidst the rage of storms, and fixes our desires on heaven
and

* Heb. c. 6.

and not on earth. Sometimes he calls it a * Buckler, by the defence of which we repel all the fiery darts the enemy hurls against us. Sometimes he calls it our Glory, and represents it to us as an honourable title, which defacing our shame, makes us to hope, that after having been enemies of God, we shall become his children, and in that quality have a share in his inheritance. By all these eulogiums, he teaches us, that Hope is necessary to us in all states of life, that we can with profit have recourse to it in all our necessities, that it is our security in tempests, our defence in battle, and our glory in disgrace. But we must guard against its being of this world. Forbidding us the love of the world, it proposes another love to us more happy and more innocent, which ought to be the object of all our desires. We should therefore slight perishable goods to acquire eternal; we should remember that it is exceeding difficult to have at the same time pretensions to heaven and to earth, and that to obtain the promises of Christ, we must despise those of the world.

* Eph. c. 6.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, EFFECTS,
AND GOOD AND ILL USE OF DESPAIR.

OF all man's Passions, Despair is that, which has been the most remarkable for obtaining the praise and blame of antiquity. It has passed as the last effort of courage in those great men who fought death to preserve their liberty, and who had recourse to sword or poison to rescue themselves from the insolence of a victorious enemy. Poets and Orators never appear more eloquent, than when they describe the death of Cato; and they palliate that mad action with so much art, that if Faith had not persuaded us it was an execrable deed, we should take it for an heroic action. Seneca* was never so lavish in the praise of virtue as of that crime: It should seem his design was by the commendations he bestows upon it, to reduce men to a degree of desperation, and oblige all that are wretched to be guilty of suicide.

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* Senec. de Prov. c. 2.

He images that all the Gods came down into Utica to contemplate so glorious a sight, and that it was their pleasure to honour with their presence, a Stoic Philosopher, who not able to endure Cæsar's domination, though he suffered that of Pompey, came to the determinate resolution of planting a dagger in his bosom, of tearing out his bowels, and with his own hands of severing his Soul from his body ; for no other purpose, than to boast he could taste the sweets of death. But I am not astonished at Seneca's making a murder pass for a sacrifice, since he approves of * drunkenness, and makes a virtue of it, that he might not be obliged to blame Cato, who was accused of it. Others have absolutely condemned Despair, and as there have been instances of men, who devoting themselves to its dark suggestions, dipped their hands in their own blood, they judged that so strange a passion ought to be banished the soul, and that on no occasion or occurrence in life it is allowable to second or follow its motions.

Both these parties are equally unjust, and their sentiments are a violation of those
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* Senec. de Tranquil. anim. c. 15.

of nature: For with whatever disaster Fortune may threaten, and whatever signal infelicity she may prepare for us, we should never make an attempt against our life. Our birth and death are intirely dependent on our Sovereign, and He only, who has brought us into the world, can make us go out of it: He has left to us the disposal of all the conditions of our life, having only reserved to himself its beginning and end: We are born when it pleases him, and we die when he orders it: To hasten the hour of death is assuming his right, a right he is so jealous of, that he often works miracles to convince us that he is the master of it. But if despair is prohibited on this occasion, there are many others wherein it is permitted; and it seems that Nature has never more evidently made appear the care she takes of man, than by giving him a passion, which is efficacious to deliver him from all the ills, against which Philosophy cannot prescribe any remedy.

Though Good be an agreeable object, and powerfully attractive of the will by its charms, yet it is sometimes environed by so many difficulties, that the will cannot approach it: Its beauties cause her to languish,

guish, she is consumed in desires, and Hope that solicits her, obliges her to fruitless exertions: The more she is enamoured, the greater is her pain, and the more the good she seeks is excellent, the more she is miserable; that which should cause her happiness, complicates her trouble; she is, in short, unhappy because she cannot help loving an object, which she cannot acquire. This torment would be as durable as her love, if Despair did not come to her assistance, and if by a natural prudence it did not oblige her to desist from an impossible research, and destroy desires that serve only to afflict her. As this passion detaches us from a difficult good, and surpassing our power, there are a thousand occasions in life, wherein it may be usefully employed; and there is no condition in the world, howsoever elevated, but may stand in need of its assistance: For the active forces, or strength of all men must admit of limitation, and the greater part of their designs are impracticable. Hope and Courage that animate them, have more heat than conduct; under these blind guides, they must fall down precipices, if Despair did not withhold them, and if thro' a knowledge of their weakness, it did not divert them
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from engaging in rash enterprizes: Despair is therefore a faithful Counsellor, never deceiving us; and it deserves no blame, if, not being called upon till the state of matters is truly deplorable, it gives more salutary than honourable advice: We must rather accuse Hope, which too easily engages us in danger, and praise Despair, which finds means to deliver us from it.

The misfortunes of the greatest Princes are in a great measure owing to their not having been sufficiently attentive to its admonitions: for if before undertaking war they measured their strength, they would not be forced to make an ignominious peace, and submit to the law of a victorious enemy; but unfortunately they do not implore the assistance of Despair, till unable to give them any, and they do not consult that Passion, till all things are reduced to extremities. It is not, however, useless, even on that emergency, and its advice may be attended to with some advantage, though at the same time precipitate: It has often preserved states in a civil war, and saved intire armies by an honourable retreat; for when Princes find that their forces are not upon a par with those of their enemies, and that the whole

advantage lies with the opposite party, Despair influenced by Prudence obliges them to retire, and this Passion repairing the faults of hope and boldness, prevails on them to reserve their soldiers for a time; when they might promise themselves certain victory: Thus is Despair more prudent than courageous, and thinks more of the safety than glory of the state; it profits by the cross accidents it has observed, and deems itself sufficiently glorious, when able to escape the fury of its pursuers. 'Tis true, that seeing all the ways to safety shut up against it, and death staring it in the face on all sides, it chuses the more honourable, and recalling Hope it had banished, resolves to die or to conquer. For this reason great Captains never reduce the conquered to despair; and knowing that this passion becomes courageous when irritated, they construct bridges of gold for it, open all passes to it, and let the torrent spread wide in the fields, lest it should swell its rage from resistance, and bear down the dikes opposed by its impetuosity. Herein the nature of Despair is strange, for it springs from fear, and its timidity constitutes the greatest part of its prudence; it rather considers in the good offered it, the difficulty that dismays, than the glory that

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attracts it, and whether it retains more coldness or less courage than Hope, it does not regard so much successful as unprosperous events; yet when the peril is extreme, and the disaster threatens to be so great that it cannot well be avoided, it makes a virtue of necessity, and fights enemies that even Hope would not dare to stand against. It often wrests laurels out of the hands of the conqueror, and making efforts that may pass for miracles, surmounts Nature, preserves the life of men by making them despise it, and gains the victory by seeking an honourable death.

From all these effects it is easy to judge of the nature of Despair, and to know that it is a most violent motion, whereby the Soul keeps at a distance from a difficult good, which she believes she cannot acquire, and whereby also she sometimes approaches it, not so much for possessing it, as to defend herself from the evil that threatens her: For in its birth Despair is timid, and has no other design than to dissuade the Soul from vainly seeking after an impossible Good; but in its progress it becomes bold, and when it perceives that by avoiding a difficult good, it engages in an infamous evil, it takes courage and exerts

all its strength and powers to obtain a thing whose loss is esteemed certain. This passion therefore is not simple, and in order to explain its nature, it may be said that it is a compound of fear and hope, and that as it is more cowardly than the former in the beginning, it is in the end more generous than the latter; but in both these times it stands in need of conduct, and for being useful to virtue, should avoid two dangerous extremities that bear its name and tarnish its glory. The one may be called Cowardice, the other Rashness. It is guilty of the first, when by not knowing its strength, it declines a good it may acquire; and it falls into the second, when by not examining its weakness or the greatness of the danger, it undertakes a thing impossible, and embarks in a design, necessarily attended with unprosperous success. 'Tis Reason's business to keep it under a proper regulation, and see when it may fly without infamy, and attack without rashness. If it be a lawful good we can justly attain, we never ought to despair. Obstinacy is laudable on this occasion, and a man cannot be blamed that makes attempts beyond his abilities, to acquire a happiness, which his duty counsels

sels him to seek after; but if what he covets is difficult and perishable, he must cure himself by a rational Despair of his vain desires and fond hopes.

But it is proper to observe, that if this passion is often innocent under the law of Nature, it is always criminal under that of Grace; for natural Hope being founded on our own strength, it is allowable to resign it to embrace Despair, and it will be no way inconvenient for the man, whose wretched state is well known, to set aside his designs when it is impracticable for him to put them in execution: But supernatural Hope being founded on the divine Power, it is forbidden to lose sight of it, and it is a capital crime to suspect God of untruth or weakness. Those therefore who despair of their salvation, offend against his highest perfections, and render themselves unworthy to receive the pardon of their sins, the moment they cease to hope. The Scripture teaches us that God is good and powerful; those therefore that persuade themselves that he is not willing to, or cannot pardon them, are guilty of an outrage against his power and goodness, and by the same crime offend his two most excellent qualities: And if we are willing

to believe * St. Augustin, They that devote themselves to despair imitate the proud, and equal themselves to God by relinquishing the hope of their Salvation. For when they fall into Despair, they imagine that the Mercy of God is not so great as their sin, and by an injurious preference, raise their Malice above his Goodness; they prescribe bounds to an infinite Love, and divest him of perfections, who possesses even all those our mind cannot imagine.

'Tis true, that if Despair be criminal under the Law of Grace, there is an excess of Hope which is scarce less dangerous; and there are Christians who do not persist in their sins but from a vain confidence they place in the mercy of God: They do not flatter themselves with his Goodness, but in order to offend him; they do not think of the graces he shews sinners, but to abuse them, and by unreasonable consequences which Philosophy had never taught them, they conclude they ought to be bad, because God is Good, and that he may not be offended, because he punishes none but his real enemies. If these infamous Criminals had not lost their judgment with their

* Aug. 1. de vera et falsa pœnitentiâ, Cap. 5.

their piety, they would reason after a different manner, and would say, that as God is Good, they ought to be obedient; that as he pardons, they ought to be cautious in offending him; and that as he loves their salvation, they ought to love his honour. But though they might not attend to these just considerations, their notions of the Mercy of God should not maintain them in their foolish confidence; for besides that it perfectly agrees with his Justice, and that the one makes no incroachment on the right of the other, he has so tempered his promises with his menaces in the Scriptures, that they banish from our Soul both Despair and Presumption, to assure those in despair, that he has proposed repentance to them, of which the gate is open to all who sincerely desire to repent; and to intimidate the presumptuous, who by their delays contemn his mercy. He has made the day of death uncertain, and reduced us to the necessity of dreading a moment, which as unknown, may surprize All.

B O O K V.

OF COURAGE AND FEAR.

C H A P T E R I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF COURAGE.

IF the difficulties accompanying virtues enhance their value, and if the most painful are the most beautiful, it must be confessed that of the Passions, Courage ought to be esteemed the most glorious, as being the most difficult, and as undertaking to encounter whatever is most dreadful in the world. Though Hope is generous, and though good does not seem agreeable to her unless austere; yet its beauty gives the invitation, and the charms it is possessed of, give her strength to surmount the difficulties that encompass it: But Courage destitute of this assistance, considers an object that is no wise amiable: She attacks evil, and coming to the help of Hope, declares war against her enemies, and has no other reward in view in the
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Conflict than glory. She is much of the temper of Conquerors, who leaving all the spoils to their soldiers, reserve nothing but honour to themselves; for all who describe her nature, agree, that she is a passion of the soul, that seeks dangers to fight against and conquer them; She may therefore be called a Natural Force, and a disposition to that generous virtue, which triumphs over pain and death. By enterprizing nothing but what is difficult, she is more severe than agreeable; a certain severity perceptible on the face of those whom she animates, sufficiently indicates that she finds her pleasures in labours, and that she has no other amusement, than such as she takes in surmounting pains; she has no other consolation but glory, no other food than hope: With this feeble aid she attacks all her enemies, and gains almost as many victories as she fights battles,

But to throw more light on this matter, it will be necessary to observe that Good and Evil are the two objects of all our Passions. Love contemplates Good, and in order to acquire it, employs Desire and Hope: Sometimes Love finds it of so difficult access, that through Despair it relinquishes

quishes its pretentions, judging it a point of prudence to renounce a happiness that cannot be obtained. Hatred on its side detests Evil, and to oppose an enemy, that declares perpetual war against it, employs the Passions relevant from its empire; it makes use of Flight and Fear to keep it at a distance, and sometimes uses Courage and Anger to fight against and conquer it. But as Despair would never quit a difficult Good, if Fear had not persuaded it, that the difficulties accompanying it cannot be surmounted; so Courage would never undertake to attack a terrible evil, if Hope had not promised her victory. Whence these two passions with different objects may notwithstanding agree. Though the one seeks good, and the other provokes evil, both exert their endeavours for the repose of the mind, and by separate routes, seek the same end. 'Tis true that the condition of the one is more delectable than that of the other; for Hope looks only to the good she desires, and if sometimes she casts her eyes on the difficulties that debar access to it, this is rather thro' necessity than inclination, and if she exposes herself to any danger, it is not so much for glory as for profit: But Courage
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considers nothing but the evil, and by a certain confidence accompanying her in all her designs, flatters herself she shall conquer it by her own strength. Hope easily conceives an enterprize, and being as much addicted to levity as vanity, engages in all enterprizes which she judges to be glorious and possible: But her fate would be to retreat with confusion, if Courage did not come to her assistance, and by a certain innate spirited conduct did not happily atchieve what this companion had rashly undertaken. Hope resembles trumpets sounding the alarm, but never entering the battle; Courage on the contrary, resembles those soldiers, who in silence reserve their whole strength for charging the enemy. Hope promises all and gives nothing, and faithless as she is, cannot help deceiving men by fine words, which are far from being always attended with good effects: But Courage promises nothing, and gives a great deal; she attempts impossibilities to satisfy the promises of Hope, and strives to surmount the difficulties that retard their execution. In fine, she is so generous, that her designs, though difficult, are notwithstanding prosperous; and she is so accustomed to conquer,

quer, that the Poets, to throw a specious colouring over the victories she gains against the laws of war, have feigned, that she was animated by an inwardly-prompting Divinity, and that her exertions were rather more miraculous than natural.

That these different qualities may more evidently appear, I shall add examples to reasons, and shew by some remarkable histories, how much more considerable Courage is than Hope. There was never a more powerful Monarch than Xerxes, and his power never appeared with greater magnificence, than when he formed the design of subduing Greece. His army consisted of two millions of men; the expanse of country was too narrow for displaying the ranks of a corps, whose parts were monstrous. The earth groaned under the weight of the engines, that were carried along, to batter and beat down the walls of the towns that should make resistance. The astonishing number of his soldiers and horses dried up rivers for their drink, and the showers of arrows shot from so many hands darkened the face of the Sun. This Prince's flatterers could tell him, that the sea was
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not spacious enough to carry on its bosom all his fleets, nor Greece large enough for the quartering of all his troops: Yet Leonidas seized upon the Straits of Thermopylæ, and entrenched in these mountains, resolved to fight him at the pass with three hundred men. Hope and Courage elated undoubtedly the heart of that generous Captain, and these two Passions animated him to an enterprize equally difficult and glorious. Hope represented the glory that should accrue to him, from opposing the common enemy of Greece, from preserving the liberty of his Country, from securing temples from conflagration, from defending cities from pillage, and from saving women from the insults of a victorious Barbarian. She forgot not to point out to him all the honours Sparta should heap upon him, the Statutes that should be erected to the memory of his name, the praises he should receive from the mouth of all people, and the pompous titles Historians should bestow upon him in their writings: Perhaps she would have flattered him with an impossible victory, and persuaded him that by disorder spreading through an army, which had many men and few soldiers, it would be easy to defeat

feat it: But Courage, more true than Hope, acknowledged the greatness of the danger, and without deceiving that valiant Leader, gave him a full and exact view of the real state of things, that tho' his death was certain, he ought not to abandon the post he had taken; that it was not necessary he should conquer, but die, and that he would do enough for the safety of Greece, if losing his life, he destroyed confidence in his enemies. He believed the counsel of that generous passion, and resolved to sustain the shock of an army which he could not stop, and exhorted his soldiers to prepare both for fighting and death. In this example, it is easy to judge, that Hope considers only the good that solicits her, and Courage looks only to the threatening evil; that the one entertains only notions of the glory she promises herself, and the other is principally taken up with the peril she has to encounter; that the one feeds herself with an imaginary pleasure, and the other conceives ideas of real pain: 'Tis true, that the latter finds contentment in her duty, and sings the song of triumph in the midst of her defeat; for though she does not gain a victory over the Persians in the person

son of Leonidas, she gains it over the fear of death; and she is fully satisfied in having conquered the most violent of her enemies; she is regardless of being worsted by men, so she proves victorious over fortune; and good success is indifferent to her, provided she surmounts the apprehension of danger.

If it be allowed to join fable with history, we shall see in the person of Jason, the different motions of these two passions. The conquest of the golden fleece is the motive of his voyage. Hope makes him put to Sea, and promises him that a favourable wind will swell his sails, and waft him safe, in spite of storms, to the shore of Colchos. She represents to him that the eyes of all Greece are open upon him, to be spectators of his exploits, and that he does not carry one Captain along with him in the expedition that is not ready and willing to fight manfully under his standard; that in so noble an enterprise the profit is connected with the glory, and that the reward he expects from it, is as rich as it is honourable. But Courage that cannot flatter, points out to him armed men to fight, monsters to subdue, and an ever watchful serpent to sur-
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prize: Yet he accepts all these conditions, and undertakes to attack all these enemies, on the confidence of his own strength. He is not certain he shall conquer the bulls and serpents, but he is very certain of conquering fear; he knows that success depends on fortune, yet knows also that his courage depends on the settled and undaunted disposition of his mind; it is enough for him to despise all the monsters that shew themselves to him under horrid appearances, and without gaining other reward, he reputes himself sufficiently glorious, so he can but triumph over fear.

By these two examples the advantages of Courage over Hope appear very evidently, but in their oppositions, some relation notwithstanding is found between them; and it seems that the same causes that make us to hope for Good, make us also despise Evil: For youth that has much heat fancies nothing impossible, and because the vigour it feels gives assurance, it easily engages in difficult and glorious designs: Good success likewise nourishes that passion, and when fortune is favourable to great Generals of armies, they seldom decline engaging the enemy, though their own troops are not so numerous, fully persuaded that their very name is capable
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of striking terror, and being accustomed to conquer, they cannot dread a misfortune that has not yet happened to them. Power contributes not less than good success to make men brave; for when a Prince commands over extensive territories, when every town may supply him with an army, when his revenues permit him to keep standing forces for years together, when his neighbours are in fear of him, and when he can take the field at any time to oblige them to become his subjects, there is no war but he may undertake, nor victory but he may promise himself. But of all things nothing inspires men with more Courage than innocence. The enemies that attack them may be powerful, and may have other advantages in their favour; but they imagine that God ought to take part with them, and that he who protects the innocent being interested in their cause, is obliged to defend it: In this confidence, they march on without dread amidst dangers; they are not apprehensive of ill success, and waiting the help of heaven, promise themselves certain victory. Both may be mistaken, and as these passions become illustrious virtues, when under the guidance

of Prudence, they may likewise degenerate into shameful vices, when they suffer themselves to be governed by indiscretion. This we shall examine in the following Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF COURAGE.

COURAGE having no other guide than hope, we need not be astonished, if she attacks enemies she cannot conquer, and if the designs she forms, are commonly attended with ill success. It is very unlikely that rash enterprizes should be prosperous, and that actions not influenced by prudence should have a happy issue. Fortune becomes tired of favouring the audacious, and having often rescued them from the danger, wherein they had indiscreetly engaged, she deserts them with some sort of justice, and punishes their rashness, to cure that of others. For this reason, all men are obliged to examine the Counsels Hope gives them, and to measure their strength, before they follow the motions of Courage; for though these
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are generous, the greater part of the Soldiery confounding them with the spirited ideas of valour, they notwithstanding prove fatal, occasion daily the loss of armies, and bring on the ruin of States. But to find the source of this mishap, it will be proper to know, that as the Passions reside in the inferior part of the soul, and know not how to reason, they consider only their object, and by a blind impetuosity, approach or keep from it; they do not even take notice of the circumstances accompanying it, and without comparing difficulties with their strength, they imprudently engage in the combat, or shamefully take to flight. Their judgment is so quick, that it is almost always precipitate; for having listened to the relation of the senses, they consult their inclination, and without waiting the orders of Reason, bear away the whole man, and force him to follow their motions. Hence it comes to pass that he repents him of his designs, that he condemns what he had approved, and cannot often finish what he had begun.

But of all the Passions, not one is more unhappy than Courage. She attacks powerful enemies, she contends with pain

and death, combats are her ordinary exercises, and she often bathes herself in tears or in blood; she is constantly encompassed by dangers, and wherever she turns, sees nothing but frightful images, and ghastly spectres. Yet she borrows no force, nor receives any advice but from Hope: Her egger on to danger, and her counsellor is one and the same; that which makes her act, is that which arms her hand, and by vain promises engages her in extreme difficulties: She therefore sees most of her projects to prove abortive, and often acquires nothing from all her useless exertions, but the regret of having followed bad counsels; most of the time she discourages herself, and perceiving her enterprises exceed her abilities, suffers herself to be dismayed with fear, dejected by despair, and consumed by sorrow: And indeed, these passions almost always succeed, and we see by experience, that those who in the beginning of battles have been more courageous than men, at length become more timid than women: The fire of Courage is soon kindled, but is often as quickly extinguished; and as the rage of waves is converted into froth, so the violence of the bold changes into timidity, and

and of all the confidence, they seemed to place in their designs; little else remains to them but an imbecility equally shameful and criminal.

'Tis true that Anger sometimes takes the part of Courage, and administers a supply of new force, when the greatness of the danger has made her own, as it were, to evaporate: But this assistance is not always to be relied on; the soldier, who fights from the suggestions of so feeble an aid, is in as great danger of losing the victory, as that other who places his hope in despair; and the former is no more certain of conquering than the latter, who does not resolve to fight but because he cannot retire. Desperadoes have been seen to die with arms in their hands, and if sometimes they have revenged their death, they have not always preserved their life; the bold also, for being animated with anger, have not been observed to extricate themselves more happily from the dangers, they had ran headlong into. The force of Anger is as much circumscribed as that of Courage, and if both are not guided by Prudence, they must expect fatality in the event. That which has succeeded on one occasion does not succeed in others, and

Heaven is not obliged to grant the same success to all rash enterprizes. The example of Alexander should not serve as a rule to all Conquerors; he did not live long enough to be a proper subject of imitation; fortune that had followed him in his youth, would have perhaps deserted him in his old age; his rashness was not always so happy, and if he had begun his conquests by Europe, he would not have carried them so far into Asia: Rome in her juvenile state might have stopped short the course of his victories, and she that could confine Pyrrhus within his States, might have driven him back into Macedon.

I am of Seneca's opinion, and believe with him, that this Prince had more courage than prudence, and more rashness than courage. In fact, his fortune oftener preserved him than his valour, and if heaven had not made choice of him for punishing the pride of the Persians, he might have been defeated in the first battle. He would not take the advantages the greatest Captains usually do, when their forces are unequal to those of the enemy. He would not attack Darius's Army by the favour of a dark night, but by a rashness, deserving more reproaches than it received praises, wanted

wanted to wait for the day, and to have the Sun for witness of his victory. He believed he should have stolen victory, if he had gained it in the night, and though Parmenio counselled him to prefer the lives of his soldiers to the glory of his arms, he despised that advice, and to shew that he held all his advantages from fortune, rejected all the maxims of prudence. It may therefore seem an indisputable fact, that his presumption has occasioned the ruin of all the Princes that took him for their pattern; and that his conduct has been more fatal to conquerors, than rocks and storms to seamen. I know that Cæsar left much to Chance, and that he could not imagine the destruction of the Roman Republic without having conceived a very exalted opinion of his good fortune; but if the design was very rash, the execution was as prudent; for he joined artifice to force, and did not abandon to hazard, what he could conduct by virtue; and we are obliged to acknowledge, that his victories are not less the work of Prudence, than of his Fortune. He did not shew himself boldly adventurous but on occasions when Counsel was useless; and he did not boast of his good fortune, but to
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conjure down the storm's rage, and spirit up his Pilot with his own confidence. In short, he made good use of Hope in all his enterprizes, but kept it subordinate to Prudence, thus teaching all Generals of Armies a useful lesson; that to be valiant, they must be more wise than rash.

C H A P T E R III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF COURAGE.

THOUGH the Passions are more criminal than innocent, inclining, by reason of the disorder of our Nature, more to the side of vice than virtue; yet with a little help they may be made virtuous. Their inclinations are good, but their judgments are precipitate; they constantly seek good, and as constantly resist evil; but this they commonly do with too much warmth, herein imitating Orators, who defend a good cause with bad reasons; or they resemble those unhappy innocents, who betray themselves amidst tortures, and by not having constancy enough, confess crimes they have not committed. They make, indeed, themselves culpable by not being
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sufficiently patient, and become vicious by being not able to suffer the absence of good, or the presence of evil. If Hope did not pursue the honours she cannot acquire, she would never bring the Ambitious to despair; and if Courage did not engage in opposing misfortunes which she cannot conquer, she would never be accused of rashness. But this fault is not without its remedy; for if Courage listens to the admonitions of Reason, if after having calmed the fury of her first emotions, she consents to be guided by Prudence, then will she change her Nature, and from a mere passion, as she was, will become a glorious virtue. Courage and Fortitude contemplate the same object, and their inclinations are so nearly related, that Fortitude may be called a rational courage, and courage a natural Fortitude. Their enemies are common, they assemble all their forces to oppose them, they are actuated by the same motives, and they seek the same end.

Fortitude, according to its true definition, is a science that teaches us to suffer, or to repel, or to provoke evils. She resolutely endures all the calamities that are inherent to nature; she will not admit of
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any dispensation in general laws, and therefore knowing that the necessity of dying, is a sentence pronounced against all men, she never appeals from it. In a tranquil situation of mind, she sees the approach of sickness, and the first remedy she adopts for the cure, is the thought that diseases spring up from our constitution, and make a part of ourselves. Contagion does not terrify her, and whether she considers it as a punishment of sin, or an effect of nature, she does not accuse the stars on that account; neither does she pretend to be exempt from an ill, which does not pardon even Sovereigns. She repels by a generous contempt, all disasters, the strength of which seems grounded on the illusions of error, and which perhaps are not otherwise offensive to our body, but because they hurt our imagination. She defends herself from poverty by desiring only necessities, and despises honours, observing them to be oftener the reward of vice than virtue. She flights as frivolous all voluptuous indulgence, well knowing that it is only glossed over with an agreeable appearance, and that under a specious name, it hides pains as shameful as real. She provokes grief and pain to make trial of her

her courage; she seeks out calamity as an occasion to practise virtue, and if she had not experienced the misfortunes of life, she would believe herself ignorant of the more noble half of the things she ought to know. She has rather an avidity than desire for dangers, and as the ill she suffers makes a part of her glory, she runs to meet it, believing it to be a cowardice to wait its coming. She has, in fine, conquer'd death with all the horrid aspects it had assumed to affright her, and the cruelty of Tyrants has not invented punishments, which Fortitude has not triumphed over. Scœvola made a mockery of flames, and saw his right hand burn with a more undaunted resolution than his enemy could shew in looking at it. Regulus did honour to the gibbet on which he died. Socrates made a school of his prison; his executioners became his disciples; and the poison he was compelled to take, made his innocence glorious. In a placid disposition of mind did Camillus suffer banishment, and Rome would have remained captive, if this illustrious Exile had not restored her to liberty. Cato put himself to death, and if he suffered himself to be conquered by

by impatience, he might boast at least that he had retained his liberty.

But without borrowing prophane examples, wherein virtue is always mingled with vice, Christians have no Martyr but has surmounted tyrants, and amidst the rigour of punishment, has given many signal proofs of fortitude. Such as Ignatius have provoked fierce and cruel beasts, and if that sort of death had been a favour, they eagerly sought and endured it with pleasure. Such as Lawrence have conquered the agonizing pains of fire, and whilst their body wasted away drop by drop its animal life over red hot coals, their tongue uttered reproaches in derision of the impotence of their judges, or with gladness re-iterated the praises of Jesus Christ. Such as Clement and Agatha, have tired out their executioners; their martyrdom lasted thirty years; the most famous cities in the world served as Theatres to their combats; the whole earth was sprinkled with their blood, and Heaven wrought many miracles to prolong their life, and render more august their triumph. But if Fortitude animated by charity has sustained all these efforts and conquered all these enemies, Courage may
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also pretend therein to a good part of the glory : For it is she that makes Martyrs, and though Grace is more powerful than nature, she does not make flight of its assistance. As the soul and body conspire together for the practice of virtue, so nature agrees with Grace to resist and conquer sin. Courage is the foundation of all fine actions, and if that generous Passion had not elated the heart of the primitive Christians, Fortitude would not have gained so many illustrious victories. Their affinity is so great that they cannot separately subsist. Fortitude without courage is in a languid condition, and Courage without fortitude is rash. Virtue requires the aid of passion, and passion the conduct of virtue. Courage is the beginning of fortitude, and Fortitude is the perfection of courage ; or to speak more clearly, Courage is an imperfect virtue, and Fortitude an accomplished Passion.

But to arrive at this perfection, it must have three or four remarkable circumstances. The first is, that it should be accompanied with justice and prudence ; for he that arms himself to ruin his country, does not deserve the name of courageous ; his design dishonours his passion,
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and by not having made choice of a lawful end, his courage becomes criminal. Cataline may take up arms, and spirit his soldiers to battle by his example; he may be covered with blood intermingled with that of his enemies; he may die sword in hand in the midst of the engagement, and fury and anger may be seen painted on his face after death; yet, will he never pass for a man of courage: his courage was not discreet, because trespassing against all the laws of Prudence, he had engaged in so pernicious a design: His courage was not temperate, because he had not gained over his soldiers, but by gratifying their avarice or their lust: His courage was not just, because he had conspired against his country; and this was rather a hardness, than greatness of courage, because for acquiring glory, he had been guilty of parricide. The second is, that the motive of courage should be generous, and that the courageous man should not expose his life on a trivial consideration. He is well acquainted with its value, and without suffering himself to be carried away with vanity, he knows also that it is precious. He preserves it with great care, and if he exposes himself to danger, it must

must be on some adequate motive. There is a wide difference between a valiant and a desperate man; the latter seeks death to deliver himself from his miseries, but the former seeks it only to satisfy his duty, and content his inclination. He will not therefore run into danger to acquire a little honour; the example of rashness will have no influence over his mind; he will despise all the maxims which indiscretion and folly endeavour to give a sanction to; but he will go where the trumpet calls him; he will throw himself, when he has orders for so doing, amidst squadrons of cavalry, he will die a thousand times over, rather than quit the post assigned him, and he will cover with his body the place he could not defend with his sword. The third is, to make trial of his strength before he attacks the enemy. Virtue is too rational to oblige us to impossibilities; she only requires of us the things that are in our power, and in all enterprizes would have us consider, if the means are proportioned to the ends we seek after. A few ages past nothing was held more glorious than the conquest of the Holy Land, and if the grandeur of Christian Monarchs could receive an augmentation

from wishes, it seemed to be the universal desire that they would add to their august qualities, that of the Deliverers of Palestine. But they, who engaged in that design, as was verified by the event, shewed themselves rather more rash than courageous. Before sending their fleets to sea, they should have established their own states in peace and tranquillity; perhaps they should at first with a sufficient united force have attacked the armies of the infidels, or to make a powerful diversion, should at least have been able to bring over to favour them the better part of the East. Besides all these conditions Christian courage ought to have likewise two others. The first is humility that agrees well with greatness of courage, because vanity, its enemy, is always accompanied with cowardice. The second is the hatred of ourselves; for he that has not subdued his inclinations, cannot expect to conquer voluptuous pleasures; and he that has not made war upon his body, is not properly prepared to declare it against the hardships of painful life. Let us therefore make use of our fortitude against ourselves, to employ it usefully against our enemies, and let us rise superior to self-love, if we are willing to conquer the fear of death.

C H A P-

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF FEAR.

THERE are Passions, the name of which belies their nature, and which are far from being internally, what they externally seem to be. The name of Hope is agreeable, but its temper is violent, and it involves us in as many misfortunes as it promises us contentments. The name of Despair is odious, but its disposition is rational, and we are under an obligation to it, when it persuades us to relinquish the desire of a good, which we cannot acquire. The name of courage is august, and it has no sooner struck our ears than it makes our mind conceive an elevation of spirit, despising pain, and seeking death; but its inclination fierce and turbulent, if not restrained by prudence, engages in dangers that bring upon us many evils, and are productive of little glory. The name of fear is contemptible, and error has so decried that passion that it is taken for a mark of a base soul. But its temper is prudent, and it does not warn us of our misfortunes, but to deliver us from them. It seems that

nature has given us two counselling Passions on the different emergencies of life, Hope and Fear. The first is undoubtedly the more agreeable, but the second is the more faithful. The first flatters to deceive us, the second terrifies to set us right. The first imitates those sycophant counsellors, who in all their advices, regard rather the fortune than person of the Prince, and who by a dangerous adulation prefer his satisfaction to the safety of his state; the second resembles those faithful ministers, who lay open the wound to heal it, and create a little pain in the sovereign, to make him acquire a great deal of glory. Lastly, the first is often fruitless, and as the number of good things is small enough, it has scarce any lawful occupations, and if it assumes one not belonging to it, it causes us to lose our time and trouble; the second is almost always busy and active, and as the number of ills is infinite, it is never without something to exercise it; it fetches a long stretch into futurity, and investigates the evil that may happen, not to anticipate our wretchedness, an unjust accusation brought against it, but to ascertain our felicity, and seclude us from all the disasters that may rob us of it.

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For Fear is a natural prudence, often rescuing us from a danger by the apprehension it creates in us of its approaches. Its influence extends to all the actions of our life, and it is not less useful in religious than political concerns. If we believe the Prophane, it was * Fear that made Gods, and though there is some impiety in the maxim, some shadow of truth is notwithstanding observable in it. For it is the fear of eternal punishments, that persuaded men to appease the irritated Gods ; it is fear that instituted sacrifices, built temples, erected altars, and immolated victims ; and it is fear that keeps the Just to their duty, and after a crime committed, obliges them to raise their hands towards Heaven, and testify their sorrow for it. Though Religion may pride herself for generosity, and though some may boast of being gained over rather by promises than threats ; yet it must be confessed that Fear has saved more delinquents than hope. It is therefore called in the scripture, the beginning of wisdom, that is, the support of virtue and the foundation of Piety. Crimes would become insolent, if not

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* Primus in Orbe Deos, fecit Timor.

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check'd by this passion, and all laws would be useless, if nature had not impressed fear on the soul of the wicked. There is it graved in characters which time cannot deface. They dread the punishment of a secret transgression, and though they know that Judges can punish those only of which there are plain proofs, yet are they seized with tremors in the midst of their friends, horrid spectres haunt them in their sleep, and that faithful minister of God's justice, allows them no security in towns or in deserts. Hence it is evident, that Nature is not intirely corrupt, since a horror against sin, and the apprehension of its punishment, still remain with her; for in whatever place the sinner may hide himself, he carries fear about him, and that incorruptible Passion informs him, that there is a Divinity, which sees secret crimes during life, and punishes them after death. Fear often converts libertines, and by an inconceivable miracle, persuades them truths, they were not inclined to believe, in the view of not being obliged to dread the consequences of their unbelief; it touches the heart of the most obstinate, and of the many Christians that acknowledge Jesus Christ, there are few but are indebted for their love to their fear;

fear; they do not endeavour to gain heaven, but to secure themselves from hell; and they do not love the goodness of God, but because they fear his justice. I know that this sentiment is far from being pure, and that a man who should stop short at Fear, would be in danger of not acquiring Charity; but it is a good deal that it opens the door of Salvation to unbelievers, and shews to sinners the road of virtue.

If Fear is of utility to Religion, it is not less necessary to the state, which could not subsist by rewards, if it did not terrify criminals by punishments. We now no longer have our existence in those innocent ages, when friendship tied the bonds of union amongst men, and made laws unnecessary. Then, we must suppose, as every one loved his neighbour as himself, this love must have banished injustice from the earth, and there was no occasion to prohibit vice, or recommend virtue; But since corruption had gradually insinuated itself by artful slidings into Nature, and man, by loving himself too much, began to hate his neighbour, there was a necessity of having recourse to laws, and reducing by fear, those who could not be reconciled to their duty by love. Gibbets were erected

to affright the guilty ; punishments were invented to make death more terrible, and death, the tribute due to Nature was made the chastisement of sin. The remains of innocence, an effect of fear, the inclination for good, and the aversion from evil, would have been obliterated out of the will, if this passion did not maintain them in it by its menaces ; and all divine and human rights would have been violated, if in punishing criminals, it did not preserve the innocent. In short, it constitutes the better part of our tranquillity, and though timid in nature, all Politicians acknowledge it to be the mother of security.

I well know that the Stoics have endeavoured to discredit Fear, but what passion could ever defend itself against their calumnies ? They would have love banished the earth, because it has made some immodest persons ; but did not consider that love being the tye of society, we should cease to live, if we were forbid to love. Religion is not preserved but by Charity, which is a species of love ; and God would never have made men, if he had not designed to make them enamoured of him. These same Philosophers would stifle desires because they cannot moderate them, and resemble

seem those who through despair put themselves to death, to be cured of an ailment. They condemn Hope, and to persuade us that they possess all, will hope for nothing. They are of the humorous fancy of the poor Athenian, whose folly supplying the place of wealth to him, made him quite regardless of making any provision for himself, because he believed that all the ships in the port were his property. They flatter themselves with a vain sovereignty, which the sage pretends to have acquired over the world, and as they imagine themselves possessed of wisdom, they believe all its appendages are justly due to them. They make a mockery of Fear, and add injurious treatment to their reasons, to render it contemptible or ridiculous. They make it the enemy of our tranquillity, and to hear them speak of that innocent passion, it should seem that they paint to us a monster, so horrid they make it! They say that it is ingenious at contriving unhappiness for us, that it is naturally impatient, and that it does not wait till misfortune comes to make us feel it; that it has a malign foresight, which does not penetrate into secrets of futurity, but to make us find in them our torment; that

that it does not content itself with present ills, but with the view of forcing all the differences of time to conspire to our unhappiness; and that it calls to mind the past, is uneasy at what's to come, and creates a heap of troubles beyond the cruelty of Tyrants to conceive. They add, that with an anxiety to prevent misfortunes, it takes pleasure in accumulating them, and never gives us a picture of them, without framing it beyond its due proportions to fright us; that if it threatens us with death, it is always the most dreadful; if it makes us apprehensive of a fit of sickness, it is always the most severe; and if it causes us to expect any reverse of fortune, it is always the most deplorable: So that it is found by experience, to be more insupportable than the evil it foresees, and that of all imaginary torments, that which it makes us suffer is always the most rigorous; whence also scarce a man is seen but loves rather once to die than dread death constantly, and prefers a violent punishment to a languishing apprehension.

I cannot say, whether the fear of the Stoics is so fierce, and desperate as they represent it; but I am satisfied that there
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is a more moderate fear, and that this Passion in the purity of its Nature, is more useful than prejudicial. 'Tis true, that it goes in quest of evil, but it is to avoid it; and so far from taking pleasure in adding to it, on the contrary, it softens by preventing it, and diminishes its rigour, by giving us notice of its coming. Do not the Stoics acknowledge with us that foreseen blows do not strike so sensibly as others, and that surprize in any adversity, constitutes the greater part of our vexation? Why therefore do they blame foresight in fear; why do they condemn in this passion what they approve of in prudence, and why do they make pass for criminal what it retains in common with so noble a virtue? Nature has made us sensible, that she did not give us fear for our torment, by making the contemplated evil, not unavoidable; for they, who have examined into its temper, confess that it is always accompanied by hope, and that it foresees only great misfortunes, which it may guard against. If common, it is so generous as not to dwell on them in the way of meditation, and leaving to Flight the care of keeping at a distance from them, it possesses itself in tranquillity: If
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inevitable, and even Prudence finds no means to amove them, it takes no pains to resist, and knowing that uselefs efforts are blameable, it counsels grief to suffer them. But if their Nature is such that they can be overcome, it fails not to give proper warning in this respect; and tho' Courage often encroaches on its rights, it notwithstanding awakes and asks assistance of it, to repel the assailing enemy. Who would not judge from these conditions but that Fear is the friend of our repose; that it exerts its most strenuous endeavours for our confidence; that far from creating uneasiness in us, it passes in review our misfortunes in order to expel them, and does not sound the alarm in our ears, but to make us victorious? 'Tis certain, there are calamities so great and so sudden, as to throw the soul into disorder, and to hinder Fear to foresee and avoid them. The first, cause astonishment, the second, reduce us to agonizing pains, and both overwhelm us with despair, if not promptly warded off: But as there are misfortunes which Prudence cannot divine and valour cannot conquer, we need not be surprized, if some come unawares upon fear, and force a passion into dejection, after triumphing

umphing over two virtues. The power of men is circumscribed by certain limits, and though no disaster happens, by which they may not profit, their natural weakness requires the illumination of Heaven and help of Grace, to animate both Passion and Virtue, for making them victorious. But here it is sufficient for us to know that Fear is not useless, and there remains to be considered what vices it may favour in its disorder, and what virtues it may adopt in its good use.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF FEAR.

THE Nature of Man being disordered, and standing in need of Grace, to recover its lost innocence, it may be no matter of astonishment, if the Passions destitute of the assistance of virtue, should become criminal, and if by their own inclination they should degenerate into some vices. Effects always correspond to their causes; fruits partake of the nature of the tree that bears them, and men quite free as they are, derive a sort of temperament from the sun that enlightens, and the earth

earth that feeds them. Whatever care is taken to amend their faults, some vestiges of them will still remain, and education is never so powerful as to work a thorough change in Nature. This appears evidently in Fear. Its propensity to disorder is so great, that it is extremely difficult to lay it under restraint, and its disposition leans so much to levity, that it oftener embraces the party of vice than of virtue. It is so inconstant, that it produces effects rather contrary than different, and assumes so many different shapes, as not to be known without difficulty. Sometimes it deprives us of strength and reduces us to a quite defenceless state. Sometimes it diffuses a chill through all our limbs, and attracting the blood to the heart, paints the visage with a lively image of death. Sometimes it robs us of speech, and leaves us nought but sobs and sighs to implore the assistance of our friends. Sometimes it wings our feet, and makes us conquer by swiftness those that exceed us in courage. Sometimes it imitates Despair, and represents the danger so dreadful on all sides, that it makes us resolve on changing a shameful flight into an honourable resistance. Sometimes it is so imprudent, that think-
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ing to fly from an evil, it runs to precipitate itself into it, and frequently also by an extreme oddity in temper, engages in certain death to avoid one that is doubtful.

If its effects are extravagant, its inclinations are not more reasonable, and if it be not guided by Prudence, it easily degenerates into Hatred, Despair, or Indolence. We love but very little that which we fear, and as love is so free, that it cannot bear restraint, so also it is so noble, that it cannot endure an outrage. All that dismays, irritates it; when it perceives an intention for subduing it by violence, it changes into aversion, and converts all its sweetness into indignation. Hence it happens, that Tyrants have no friends; for being obliged to make themselves feared, they cannot make themselves to be loved, and their government being founded on rigour, they cannot produce love: Those even that approach, hate them; the praises given them are false, and of the many passions they endeavour to excite in their minds, none but Fear and Hatred are real. Seeing therefore that the unhappiness of their condition obliges them to cruelty, they renounce love, and become regardless of being hated, provided they can
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make themselves feared. God is the only who can harmonize these two Passions, and who knows to make himself feared by those that love him, and loved by those that fear him; though indeed in some measure perfect charity banishes fear, and they that love God most, are they that fear him least. But though it be an usual thing with this passion to convert itself into Hatred, it is not always permitted to do so, and this change is a mark of its bad disposition. There are persons whom we ought to fear, and whom we cannot hate. Their grandeur obliges us to respect, and their justice forbids us hatred. That Majesty which surrounds them is productive of Fear, but the protection we receive from it ought to inspire Love; whence the bent towards hatred, is a disorder in Fear, and it is making an ill use of that Passion, to follow its unreasonable inclination.

It changes likewise easily into Despair, and though proceeding, by different routes, it throws itself down the same precipice; for it paints dangers to Hope in such frightful colours, that it makes her quite dispirited; and that generous Passion suffers herself to be so persuaded by her enemy, that deserting the Good she sought, both
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become converted into an infamous cowardice. But of all the masters produced by Fear, not one is more dangerous than Indolence; for though this vice is not so active as others, its base nature not permitting it to form great designs against virtue, yet it is culpable of all the injurious treatment she meets with, and seems to bear a part in all the counsels that conspire against her destruction. It is so averse from labour, that it cannot endure innocence, because acted by the spirit of industry; and it may be said that if it is not the most violent of its enemies, it is the most dangerous and obstinate. It is creative of all the vices that lurk in the shade, in order to destroy which nothing more is wanting than to deal a mortal blow against this, their Father. He it is, that administers fuel to impudicity, and Love would have no vigour, if it was not collected from his infamous repose. He it is, that pampers voluptuousness, and for its amusement furnishes out for it a variety of shameful diversions. He it is, that authorizes cowardice, and deters men from those glorious labours that render them illustrious. He it is, in fine, that destroys states, corrupts manners, banishes virtues, and produces

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duces all vices: Yet he affects a venerable name, and to colour his laziness, procures himself to be called an honest Leisure. But certainly, there is a vast difference between the quiet of philosophic contemplation, and the idleness of the voluptuous. Philosophers are always in action; they are most busy, when seemingly doing nothing, and when thought to be useless, they oblige the world with their labours. They make panegyrics on virtue; they compose invectives against vice; they discover the secrets of nature, and they describe the perfections of its great Author. But these are always strenuously inert; if their mind labours, it is for the service of their body; if they sequester themselves from the noise and hurry of the world, it is to relish pleasure in greater liberty, and if they seclude themselves the company of men, it is to enjoy that of abandoned women. These wretches may be well acquainted with the art of secreting themselves, but are not with the proper designs of life; their palaces are their sepulchres, and their useless rest is a shameful death. The leisure of all men of integrity ought to be rational, and they should not live retired in solitude, but when they cannot be

be of further service to the state; they should leave the world, and not abandon it; they should remember they make a part of it, and that wherever they retire, the Public have still a right to their persons. Those are not solitary, but rather savage, who quit Society because they cannot endure it; who fly from the Court, because they cannot see there the prosperity of their enemies, or bury themselves in obscurity, as unable to behold the lustre of virtue. Rest, to be laudable, ought to have a just motive, and that which is unaccompanied by occupation or study, is the grave of a living man. Now Fear, by a natural inclination, transforms itself into that infamous vice, and droops in indolence, if it feels no spur to rouse its apprehensions; it dreads labour, and excusing itself on a state of debility, persuades itself that there is no exercise but surpasses its strength. It imagines difficulties in the easiest things, and to rid itself of an honest occupation, makes it pass for a punishment. Every thing seems to fill it full of apprehensions, and the * Scripture that aptly describes the disposition of the

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* Prov. c. 18, 26.

fluggard and timid, tells us, that when pretexts are wanting to them for self-indulgence, they seek after them in the forests, and figure to themselves that Lions will scout out of their dens to surprize them on the road. Fear, in fine, never separates timidity from sluggishness, and knowing the great affinity between these two vices, it makes but one and the same pourtrait of them, and paints them with the same colours.

To all these faults Imprudence may likewise be added, which is scarce less natural to Fear than Indolence. Though Nature's intention was to make Fear serviceable to Prudence, and to prevent by its cares the ills that threaten us ; yet it happens by a strange fatality, that what ought to deliver us from danger, engages us in it, and that the Passion which ought to give advice, hinders our taking any. Reason would have us enter into a consultation with ourselves, as often as any important affair may occur the success of which does not absolutely depend on our power, and the ills Fear considers being of that Nature, it seems it should have induced us to deliberate maturely, and to seek the means for defending ourselves against the attacks
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of our enemies: Yet, does it throw so much confusion into our mind, that it makes us incapable of consulting, and represents the dangers with so dreadful an aspect, that banishing prudence, it casts us into despair. Thus, by two contrary effects, it obliges us to ask advice, and does not permit us to receive it; it makes us very sensible of our indigence, and does not allow us to seek out its remedy. We must therefore be cautious in regard to the use that should be made of so strange a passion, which contrary to the design of nature, offers us light to discover future ills, and refuses it to us to avert them. Prudence will correct this fault, and the following Chapter will inform us of the address to be used for treating properly with Fear.

C H A P T E R VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF FEAR.

WE must not find it strange, that Passion should become criminal, being of itself indifferent; neither ought we to complain of its being situate in the

proximity of vice, virtue herself being constantly besieged by that enemy : For all morality acknowledges that there is no virtue but is compassed round with sins, and on both sides either threatned or assailed by two enemies. Clemency, which may be called the ornament of Princes and the felicity of States, is in the midst of indulgence and severity ; By turning ever so little out of the strait road, she meets with one of these two monsters, and taking one or other of their qualities, loses unhappily all her own. Courage or valour that animates conquerors to glorious enterprizes, is placed between rashness and cowardice ; if she indiscreetly exposes herself, she becomes rash, and if over careful of herself, she is suspected of a dastardly spirit. Liberality that wins hearts, is lodged between avarice and profusion ; if she acts the œconomist in her substance with a more sparing hand than decency will admit of, she is accused of being covetous, and if she lavishes the same indiscreetly, she is blamed for being prodigal. But the Passions seem to me to be somewhat more happily situated ; for if they have a vice to attack them, they have a virtue to defend them, and if they may be criminal, they may become also innocent. This appears

appears evidently in Fear, which being obedient to indolence and despair, may shew a like submission to prudence and shame, and by the instructions of these two virtues may be conducive to the preservation of all others.

Though fear may be subject to take umbrage, and though the evils it apprehends or discovers may fill it with terrors, yet so great is its affinity with prudence, that by a little help, it may easily pass into its nature. The principal employment of this virtue in the opinion of all Philosophers, is to consider things past, to regulate the present, and to foresee the future. But that which is to come employs more its attention, than what is present and past: for besides that the present is but a moment, and cannot include but a small number of accidents, it is so perceptible, that one need only to have eyes to judge of it; the past is no longer in our power, and all the wisdom of the world can claim no jurisdiction over it; there is no difficulty in knowing it, and memory, if not treacherous, represents to us the events it has produced; but futurity is as doubtful as it is occult; it is surrounded with darkness which cannot be dissipated; it brings along

with it a prodigious series of adventures, causing a thousand changes in persons and in states; and being the principal object of Prudence, she contemplates the other differences of time with no other view than to judge of this; she does not study what is past but to know what is to come, and does not put in order the present but to be assured of the future. Upon this account it is, that great Philosophers have believed Prudence to be a divine virtue; that the event of affairs cannot be consulted without the assistance of heaven, and that to be a good Counsellor, one should be a true Prophet. But Fear partakes of the nature of Prudence; for though it remembers past misfortunes and is attentive to the present, it is, however, particularly conversant with the future, and employs all its address to amove or resist them. 'Tis true, it implores the help of hope, that armed by its incentives to courage, it may defeat its enemies; but herein it is more like prudence, which after foreseeing the danger, makes use of the valour of soldiers to repel it: For men are not so happy as to possess conjointly these two virtues, which, indeed, require different constitutions, and though they mutually assist each

each other, they seem to have protested scarce ever to meet in the same person. Prudence is the portion of those old men who have grown hoary in business, and have spent their lives in observing the temper of people, the revolutions of states, and the various shiftings of Fortune. Valour, on the contrary, is the portion of the younger, who having more vigour than experience, are fitter for executing than deliberating, and succeed much better in battle than in council. It belongs only to the Eternal Word to be altogether the Wisdom and Power, the Arm and the Idea of his Father ; but in Creatures these qualities are separate, and he who has much strength, has not often much knowledge to pride himself in. Heaven must work a miracle to produce a coalition of these incompatible advantages, and it would be almost as difficult to procure an agreement between fire and snow, as to unite prudence with strength. It must therefore be acknowledged, that as Fear is more provident than generous, it has also more light than heat, and is much fitter for deliberating than fighting. It stands likewise accused of always considering things on the worse side, and making evils

evils greater than they are in fact. 'Tis said to resemble those dastardly Spies, whom Moses sent to discover Palestine, and whose lying reports had like to deter the Jewish People from so noble a conquest. It swells an atom into a mountain; every beast seems to it a monster, and it sees no danger but what it judges to be inevitable. 'Tis true, it always takes the worst side, and in order to prevent deception, figures to itself evil with all its extremities; but in this respect, indeed, it is very conformable to prudence, which never consults futurity, without observing in it all the dangers that may happen, and without preparing a sufficient force of opposing all inimical attacks. It does not consider only what is doing, but all that can be done; when it sees a misfortune coming, it wants to know its progress, and it makes itself a little uneasy, to procure a certain quiet. The Stoics do not find a better expedient to guard against a peril that threatens, than to fancy that it will happen, and to oppose it in mind, to surmount it in fact; so that, in the opinion even of our enemies, Prudence has no other maxims than Fear, and the faithful slave has no other motions than those of its mistress.

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'Tis true, that as Fear is situate in the neighbourhood of the senses, and resides in that part of the soul where storms are formed, it feels always some trouble, and scarce ever hazards a judgment that is not accompanied with emotion; but the Mind may easily undeceive it, and by the brightness of its fire, dissipate all those clouds of smoke that rise from the imagination; it will oblige it to take a distinct view of the objects of its terror, and will inspire confidence by bringing it to a closer view of the cause of its astonishment; it will take away from punishments that pomp and apparatus which make them terrible, and from grief the plaintive strains that render it eloquent; it will inform that under these seductive appearances, there is but one common death, which children have suffered, which soldiers have conquered, and which slaves have despised. The most pompous torments are not always the most violent; a suppression of urine is more painful than breaking on the wheel; a gouty person suffers more in his bed than a criminal on the rack, and a man whose head is struck off does not suffer so much as he that dies of a fever. 'Tis therefore the business of the mind to persuade

persuade Fear, that all the things that terrify are not those that hurt us; that famous ills are not the most sensible, and that they who appear consigned over to the gloom of melancholy, feel commonly the sharpest pangs of anguish. Thus will Fear be buoyed up against afflicting prospects, and submitting to be guided by Reason, will reserve only of its apprehensions, whatever is necessary to keep it from surprize.

But if Fear be serviceable to us for opposing vice, it may be also employed for the defence of virtue, and this, it seems, is the principal use Nature has designed it for: For shame is nothing else than the fear of infamy, and this innocent passion is the protectress of all virtues. To it, Judges owe their integrity, soldiers their courage, women their chastity. By its cares piety is preserved, and all must confess that there is not a more agreeable nor more useful affection in our soul than shame. Being under so many obligations to it, it is very proper to become acquainted with it, and give it the honour it deserves. It wears the colour of virtue, and that redness, those blushes it spreads on the face, are marks of its innocence:

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But it is so delicate that the least thing in the world may spoil it; it resembles those newly gathered fruits, whose bloom is destroyed the moment they are touched; it also helps to destroy itself; praises are offensive to it, and women come to lose it, by reproaching them with it. If it be easy to lose, it is not less difficult to recover it; for tho' meek, it is haughty, and when once banished, it is very hard to make it return. Hope succeeds often Despair, Joy takes the place Sadness had occupied, and sometimes Hatred is converted into Love, but Shame never appears on a face, whence it has been driven by insolence and effrontery. This Passion likewise being the Companion of purity, retains much of its disposition, and the loss of either is irreparable. It is so averse from sin that it cannot endure its presence; its name makes it blush, and it summons all the blood of the heart to its assistance, to defend itself against that enemy. But it is never more powerful than when it fights for Virtue; for it makes so many and such strenuous exertions in her favour, that it always procures for her glorious victories. It obliges all the Passions to assist her. It paints crimes to them in such frightful colours, that it rouses their hatred and indignation
against

against them; and represents innocence to them with such engaging charms that it encreases their love of its beauties. It awakes Hope; animates Courage, irritates Desire, and chafes Anger; so that it is a passion, infusing itself, as it were, into all others, and supplying them with new strength for supporting the interests of virtue. Though timid, it encourages military men, who are not valiant but because they are shameful, and who do not despise danger but because they dread infamy. One Fear expels another, and those that do not yield to valour suffer themselves to be conquered by shame. Though indulgent, it makes Judges severe, and when endeavours are used to corrupt them by presents, or terrify them by menaces, it keeps them to their duty by the fear of dishonour. Though weak, it makes women courageous, and whilst it makes their cheeks to glow with blushes, it sheds a secret virtue on their heart, which causes them to triumph over those dangerous enemies that meditate their ruin. This sex has no other force than that which it borrows from this innocent Passion; its security is from the fear of infamy, and whoever should rob it of that defence,
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would easily rob it of all its other advantages: Even Nature, which is very sensible, that the sex is as much enamoured of beauty as of virtue, has persuaded it that shame makes it more agreeable: and indeed, shamefacedness is an innocent paint; women never appear more beautiful than when they are really modest, and there is no face, how agreeable soever, but receives a new lustre from that innocent redness which accompanies Shame. It is so valuable an acquisition to virtue, that a good opinion is always had of modest persons, and it defends the interests of Reason with such ardour, that its empire would have been already ruined, if this passion was banished the earth.

For experience teaches us that there are more men that abstain from sin through shame than duty, and that the fear of infamy has a much more extensive influence over their minds than the love of innocence. Wherefore the Devil, well knowing that this Passion is contrary to his designs, and that to destroy it in us, our Nature must be also, as it were, destroyed, endeavours to persuade us that virtue is criminal; and that becoming infamous in our opinion, Shame that constantly defends, must

be obliged to abandon her: He believed that it was easier to deprive virtue of her estimation, than innocence of shame. Not being able to corrupt the latter, he endeavoured to deceive her, and to make her set aside the aversion she had for sin, made her believe that sin was glorious. This error has taken such large strides through the world, and engrossed so many hearts, that there are now infamous virtues and honourable vices. Revenge passes for greatness of courage, and forgetfulness of injuries for cowardice; ambition is illustrious, and because annexed to crowns pretends to be no longer shameful; modesty and humility are despised, and for seeking solitude and silence, have lost all their glory; obstinacy in criminal pursuits is a mark of a man of genius and fine accomplishments; Penitence and change of life is a proof of weakness. Thus are all things confounded, and shame suffering itself to be seduced by opinion, embraces, without thinking on it, the party of vice, and deserts that of virtue. The wicked, who kept themselves concealed, now produce themselves on the theatre of the world, and losing confusion, the only good that remained to them of all their disorders, become

come insolent, and seem to glory in their crimes. The way to salvation they have shut up against themselves, and since they have given honourable titles to infamous things, there can be no longer any hopes that shame will convert them, nor that the principle which stimulated them to honour, will reduce them to their duty. To avoid this misfortune, we must endeavour to undeceive that innocent passion, and by giving to each object the name it deserves, withdraw it from the error it imprudently fell into. We must properly inform it, that every thing that is famous, is not virtuous, and that all which is shy and bashful, is not criminal. We must persuade it that the most humble virtues are the most useful, and that the most honourable vices are the most dangerous. With these good maxims it will return to the party of innocence, and sorry for having suffered itself to be deceived, will pursue its enemies with so much the more ardour, as its hatred encreases by their frauds, and in defending the interests of virtue, will still have power to be revenged for its own particular injuries.

B O O K V.

OF ANGER.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF ANGER.

THE Connections of Virtues are so intimate, that they cannot be separated without doing violence to them: They often also intermingle, and these noble habitudes are confounded, to compose one only. Clemency that constitutes the felicity of the reign of Princes, borrows her beauties from two or three of her companions: She is indebted for her demeanour to Prudence, for her mildness to Mercy, and for her glory to Generosity. Valour that makes conquerors triumph, holds all its riches from the liberality of other virtues, and whoever should deprive her of the grandeur she derives from Magnanimity, the address she takes from Discretion, and

and the moderation she receives from Justice, would leave nothing with her but a vain shadow of all her real greatness. Though so good an intelligence does not subsist between the Passions as between Virtues, yet there are some that never desert one another, and even some others that live only by borrowing, and would be poor, if they had paid their debts. Hope is of this number, for she has no substantial wealth but what is given her, and if desire that incites, fear that restrains, and boldness that animates, were to forsake her, nothing more than a name would remain to her portion. Anger is of the same condition. Though it makes so much noise, it has all its strength from its constituent Passions, and it seems not to be courageous but because it is well accompanied. It never rises in our Soul, unless called upon by vexation, pain, or grief; it does not seek satisfaction for the injuries done it, unless solicited by desire, provoked by hope, and incited by courage; for he who is irritated, promises himself revenge of his enemy; but when so weak that he cannot hope for it, his anger changes into grief, and having no longer the passions

that kept and spirited it up, it loses its name and nature.

Hence it is easy to conclude, that Anger is nothing else than a motion of the sensitive appetite, which seeks revenge for some injury. Aristotle therefore believed it to be reasonable, and that even amidst its impetuous sallies, it had some shadow of justice. In fact, it never betrays emotion, without imagining it has received some disgust, and it does not arm itself but to be revenged of the injuries done it. In this it is less criminal than Hatred, which wishes real and substantial evil to its enemy, and without seeking a pretext or excuse for its fury, endeavours to destroy the person it persecutes; but Anger desires only for its object the punishment of its crime, and does not consider revenge as an unreasonable excess, but as a just chastisement. The former is scarce ever appeased, exercising its cruelty on the innocent, persecuting dead the in their graves; and if we believe the Poets, descending into hell to torment there the damned, and ascending into heaven, if it could, to afflict there the happy: But the latter is satisfied when it has obtained revenge; and when it believes that the punishment

nishment equals or surpasses the injury, it becomes pacified, and by a providence of nature, is converted into mercy ; it spares the just, and even when criminals are reduced to wretchedness, it loses the desire of revenge. It must, however, be confessed, that by resistance it becomes more implacable, and when it conquers its enemies, it finds pleasure in their defeat ; but it does not seek after that infamous pleasure Tyrants found in the death of their subjects ; for they fought not so much to be revenged of an injury, as to gratify their brutal cruelty, and in the punishment of the innocent, they were influenced more by the agitations of rage than the emotions of anger. All Philosophers, notwithstanding, have entertained so good an opinion of this passion, that Aristotle is persuaded that it always takes the part of reason against vice ; that it is Anger which incites us to illustrious actions, and that the noble enterprizes of Princes are not less its effects than those of virtue. He believed that all the disorders of our soul, instrumental to voluptuousness, cannot be subdued but by anger, and that the concupiscible appetite would pervert reason, if not resisted by the irascible : It seems, to hear him speak,

that all great men are choleric ; that this passion is not only the mark of a good disposition, but that of excellent courage ; and that the mind can conceive nothing generous, without some degree of irritation.

I believe with him that this sentiment of our soul may be usefully employed in the service of virtue, when moderated by Reason and Religion ; and indeed, it stands more in need of their guidance than any thing else. Being extremely violent, it causes great disorders, if not carefully repressed ; for whatever inclination it may have for good, it is too prompt to be instantaneously corrected ; and though it testifies a love for justice and reason, it is too impetuous to be in itself just or reasonable. We should be undone, if Anger was as obstinate as it is sudden, and the Earth would be no more than a solitude, if its duration equalled its heat. Nature could not make better appear to us the care she has of our preservation, than by fixing narrow bounds to the fiercest of our Passions ; and as the love she bears us, has obliged her to make monsters barren, and give a short life to the most furious beasts ; so, she found it incumbent on her to annex

nex brevity to Anger, allowing so dangerous a Passion but a very short term. Still Anger causes great mischiefs in the little time it lasts; it employs to some purpose the moments nature has assigned it, and in a few hours commits strange ravages. Besides raising perturbations in the mind of man, it alters his colour, and seems to sport with his blood, sometimes drawing it to his heart, sometimes throwing it out on his face; it makes his eyes to flash with flames, it puts menaces into his mouth, and arms his hands with all the weapons that lie in his way. Much stranger things does it produce in the world, having thousands of times changed its face since its origin: There is no Province wherein it has not caused devastation, and there is no Kingdom but still may have reason to weep for its violence. The ruins that formerly were the foundations of some superb city, are the melancholy remains of Anger's efforts. The Monarchies which formerly governed the whole earth, and now no longer known but by history, do not vent complaints so much against Fortune as Anger. Many great Princes, whose pride lies crumbled with the dust, seem to fetch heavy sighs from their tombs, accusing

Anger for the loss of their lives and desolation of their states : Some of them have been assassinated in their beds ; others, as victims, have been immolated before altars : Some unfortunately ended their days in the midst of their armies, and the many soldiers that fenced them round, could not guard them against death ; others have lost their lives on their thrones, and the pomp that is thought to spread the lustre of awful Majesty on the brow of Kings, was not able to strike terror into the hearts of their murderers : Some have seen their own children lay violent hands on their persons ; others have seen their blood shed by the hands of their slaves : But without complaining of their atrocious deeds, they complain only of Anger, and forgetful of all their private disasters condemn only that Passion, their fruitful and unhappy source.

Their complaints, indeed, are very just, as with due reflection it may appear, that of all the disorders of our Soul, not one is more savage or irrational. Whence it cannot well be accounted for, why Aristotle imagined it was serviceable to Reason, and always followed its motions, unless his design was to inform us, that this Passion
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more ambitious than others, would fain appear rational in its excess, and by an execrable attempt oblige Reason, its Sovereign to defend the unjust acts of its slave: For it always endeavours to excuse its crimes, and though it sheds human blood, though it immolates innocent victims, though it batters down whole cities, burying the inhabitants under their ruins, yet would it have itself believed to be rational. Often does it acknowledge the vanity of its resentments, nevertheless it perseveres without reason, lest it should be imagined it began without a cause. Its injustice makes it obstinate, it caches fire designedly, it would have its excess appear to be a proof of its justice, and all the world imagine, that it punished justly its enemies, because it punished them severely. This is what it borrows from Reason, and what it contains in a greater degree of insolency than the other passions, which are blind in their irregularity, and do not offend their Sovereign, but because they do not know her authority; but Anger makes an impudent abuse of it, and by a strange tyranny employs it to excuse its own crimes, after making it a party in committing them.

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I therefore find that Seneca had great reason in saying, that Anger is more criminal than the vices themselves, and that it commits injustices of which they are not guilty. Avarice amasses wealth, and Anger dissipates it: The one injures only itself, and obliges the succeeding heirs; but the other does harm to every one, and as if it were a public nuisance or plague, fomented divisions in families, divorce in marriages, and war in states. Impudicity seeks an infamous pleasure, but hurtful only to the guilty; and Anger seeks an unjust pleasure, of singular prejudice to the innocent. Envy, though of a very malignant nature, is contented with wishing evil to another, leaving its execution and the accomplishment of its desires to Fortune; but Anger, impatient as it is, cannot wait for the act of that blind Power, and anticipating its rigour, takes pleasure in making wretches. Anger, in fine, is the cause of all ills, and no crimes are committed, of which it is not guilty. Nothing is more fatal than feuds and animosities; 'tis Anger that fomented them: Nothing is more cruel than murder; 'tis Anger that counsels it: Nothing is more melancholy than war; it is Anger that kindles it. It stifles all other passions when it reigns

reigns in a Soul, and is so absolute in its tyranny that it converts love into hatred, and pity into rage; for there have been instances of Lovers, who in the excess of their anger, buried in their own bosoms the same dagger, which they had just plunged into that of their mistresses, and committed two real murders, to revenge an imaginary injury. Misers have been seen to betray their inclinations, to content their anger, and to cast all their riches into water or flames, to obey its impetuosity. Some ambitious persons have been found to refuse the honours they were complimented with, and to trample scornfully on diadems, because Anger engrossing their soul, had expunged in it the desires of glory.

Notwithstanding its being so pernicious, there is no passion more common, and it seems that Nature, to punish us for all our crimes, designed, that as a vengeful fury, it should persecute all men. We know of no nation that does not feel the effects of its rage, and of the many people, differing in customs, modes of apparel, and languages, none have been yet found exempt from that cruel passion. Whole nations have been seen to guard against Luxury by a voluntary choice of poverty,

poverty, and to preserve their innocence, by a peremptory renunciation of the knowledge of riches. Some, in order to have no fixt abodes, keep themselves in perpetual motion, and banish the ease of indolent life, to prevent being acquainted with the art of constructing houses. Some are seen to wander about naked, still untractable, either from shame or necessity, to learn how to clothe themselves. Some we see, as possessing every thing in common, quite regardless of assuming to themselves any particular part, and having not yet forfeited all natural purity, are strangers to the injustice Avarice occasions among us: But none have yet been found free from Anger; it reigns equally among civilized People and Barbarians; it commands in all parts of the Earth, and adopts bows and arrows for the purposes of revenge, where it has not yet introduced the use of swords and muskets.

Never has there been an instance observed that one and the same passion has kept in agitations an intire Province, or drawn to it the attention of a whole army. Love never, though the master of Passions, was able to make an intire city enamoured of the same woman. Helen had
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but a small number of Lovers, and of the many Chieftains that fought for her during the Siege of Troy, none but her Adulterer and Husband were captivated with her beauty. Avarice does not make all men fordid, and if some amass riches, others are equally intent on squandering them away. Even Ambition does not belabour all men indiscriminately; if some are eager in the pursuit of honours, others fly from them; if some are glad to produce themselves in public life, others prefer keeping themselves private; and among the many guilty of crimes, we always meet with some innocent; Envy is not a public calamity, and if virtue has enemies, she has also admirers; But Anger is a contagion that spreads in a moment through a whole city; an harangue has armed the hands of an intire people, and men, women, and children, all together, have been seen agitated by that passion, putting their fellow-Citizens to death, or declaring war against their enemies; subjects have revolted against their Prince, soldiers have conspired against their Chiefs, the People have risen against the Nobility, Children against their Parents, and all the rights of Nature

Nature have been violated at the sollicitation of Anger.

But what is worst in so strange an evil, is that it takes its rise from all things; for though so great as to spread like a conflagration, but a spark is wanting to kindle it. So easily is it moved, that often what should appease, irritates it, and what might satisfy, offends it. The negligence of a servant enrages it, the liberty of a friend throws it into despair, and the raillery of an enemy pushes it forward to fight. Amidst all these destructive effects still Anger would be supportable, if it would be advised; but such is its violence even in its birth, that it is incapable to receive the advice given it; for it does not grow successively as other passions; its progress is not with time, it does not want months to to strike root in the heart, a moment is enough for its formation, its pace is not slow as that of envy or melancholy; when it begins, it has all its strength; when in its birth, it has already its full growth; and if other passions in their heat drive along our spirits, this in its fury throws them headlong. Being so rapid we need not be surprized, if it is also inconsiderate, and if, to be revenged of an injury, it exposes

poses life to danger; for it listens only to its own desires, it follows only its own motions, and will know no other laws but those of its violence. It never attacks an enemy without discovering itself, and never deals about its blows upon him without exposing itself to receive more dangerous; it loses victory, by pursuing it with too much ardour, and falls into its enemy's hands, by not having him in its own. Now, as all these ill qualities make it evidently appear to us, how easy it is to abuse anger, and how difficult it is to make a good use of it, we shall keep to our prescribed order, and assign the two remaining Chapters, for pointing out the vices and virtues, it may side with; but after all it must be confessed that so violent a Passion is little obedient to Reason, and that if Religion does not powerfully aid us to resist it, we shall find great difficulty in conquering it.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF ANGER.

ANGER being nothing else than a natural Revenge, and both arrogating to themselves magnanimity, there cannot be a better way of discovering their ill use, than to shew their injustice and baseness. Most men do not persevere in their disorders but because they set a value upon them, and they that are irritated retain the desire of revenge on no other account but because they judge it rational. The unchaste excuse themselves on their weakness, but if they were not blind to their indiscretions, they could not approve a sin condemned by Reason and Nature. The envious and calumniators seek pretexts to palliate their lies, and conscious to themselves that their crimes are accompanied with baseness, artfully disguise and endeavour to give them some colour of justice. But Revenge and Anger pride themselves in their violence, believing Reason to be their ground-work; and they manifest great insolence, persuaded that all their excesses are equally just and courageous:

rageous: Yet they contain nothing of what they imagine they do, and of all the mouvements of our soul, none are more unjust and base. Anger is supposed to be generous because common to the Great; and noble, as taking up its residence in the heart of Sovereigns; but Anger, indeed, is not so much a proof of their grandeur, as it is of their weakness. If voluptuousness had not softened them into effeminacy, if the vanity that attends on good success, had not made them sensible of the least injury, they would not so easily flash into indignant emotions, but rather would despise contumely, knowing that their elevated rank and station raise them above storms, and keep them secure against the impotent attacks of those that strive to offend them: But the servility they require of their subjects, and the shameful deference they would have paid to all their desires, is the cause that an honest liberty irritates them. They take good advice for contempt, and reasonable counsels for enterprizes against their authority; they cannot endure the words of truth, and Fortune has made them so nice and punctilious, that suspicions serve them as proofs to condemn the innocent. They resemble

some valetudinarians, who not yet arrived at a confirmed state of health, cannot endure the freshness of the air nor light of the sun; the least exercise raises strange commotions in their spirits, and that which should be a relaxation to a man in health, fatigues and incommodes them. Add to this, that the generality of the Great cannot bear the fidelity of their domestics; truth must be corrupted to have a favourable reception from them; the constitution of their mind is so weak, that the sincerity of a minister is capable of altering it; the remedies presented to them, seem to them poisons; they believe impudent attacks to be made on their honour, when their faults are hinted to them; and with whatever lenity a reprimand is tempered, it always passes in their mind for an injury. Who but sees that this grandeur is mere weakness, and that the Anger which transports the Great is a mark of their concomitant infirmity?

The Holy scriptures which are so well acquainted with the origin of all our disorders, inform us that the * Anger of women is not more violent than that of men, but

* Ecclesiastic. c. 25.

but because their constitution is weaker, and they have not sufficient strength to sustain the impetuosity of that Passion: For finding a soul that resists, or not easily flexible to its impressions, it instantly cools, and losing its impetuosity, suffers itself to be guided by Reason; but finding one submissive to its power, ready to be hurried away by its emotions, and not vigorous enough to oppose its violence, it gives itself the liberty of enterprizing any thing, and believes it can promise itself every thing from a slave which can refuse it nothing. If it enters the soul of a King, who has not courage enough to defend himself from its tyranny, it employs the weakness of his mind, and the power of his fortune, to execute all its designs: It persuades him that vengeance is glorious, that a Prince is never more absolute than when he is feared, and that the most certain mark of Sovereignty is the death of enemies: Then do governments become tyrannies, towns stream with the blood of subjects, the number of executioners exceeds that of criminals, and every thing wears the aspect of mourning, because Anger abuses the power of a Prince, not able to resist its suggestions. What has it not

attempted, when it has had Kings for its slaves, and had exercised their power to exercise its rage? What marks of cruelty has it not left in the world, when it reigned in the heart of Monarchs? What fields has it not strewed with dead? And what Provinces has it not left desolate?

Cambyfes, to obey his Anger, had the noses of all the inhabitants of Syria cut off, and judging death to be too common and too honourable a punishment, gladly invented another, as strange as it was shameful. He would have treated the people of Ethiopia more ignominiously, had not an accident happily opposed the execution of so execrable a design: For famine surprized him in the deserts, and forced him to return into his country; but before taking this resolution, he followed the mad counsel of his anger, and destroyed the better part of his army by hunger. When his soldiers wanted victuals, they eat up the leaves of trees and the grass of the field. When they were encompassed by deserts, and the burning sands could yield them no more food, they eat the leather of their bucklers, and every other thing necessity compels men to convert into food: Still unable to find
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the end of that horrid solitude, the unnatural Prince provided them with meats more cruel than hunger, and commanding them to be decimated, constrained them to devour one another. Amidst so many calamities, still was he infatuated by his passion, and after he had lost a part of his troops and eaten up another, he would not have come to the resolution of retreating, had he not dreaded that the fatality at length might fall upon his own head, and make him experience in person the excess of the cruelty he had commanded. But to make appear that baseness and pusillanimity are inseparable from anger, the savage monster had exquisite viands carried on the back of his camels, whilst his wretched soldiery committed murders to guard against hunger, and left posterity in pain to judge, which were more to be deplored, those that lived in so much misery, or those that died by so much cruelty. In short, Anger never shews an exertion without weakness, and if sometimes a generous word escapes it, it is always the result of a base mind, which does not affect grandeur, but to hide its meanness.

'Tis said that Caligula was wont to exclaim against Heaven, whenever thunder-

storms were an obstacle to his diversions, and that he challenged the Gods to battle, often telling them in the words of a Poet ; “ Take from me the Word, or I’ll take it from you.” How great must have been his folly from this passion of anger ? for he must have fancied, that not only his Gods could not hurt him, but that their fortune, as well as that of men, depended on his will. Seneca was of opinion that this insolence cost him his life, having obliged his subjects to conspire against his person ; for they believed it was the last effort of * patience, to bear with a man who could not bear with the Gods. Anger has therefore nothing grand in it, and when even it despises heaven and earth, it discovers its meanness ; or if you take its excesses for marks of grandeur, confess that luxury is magnificent, because it erects thrones of gold, clads itself in purple, cuts through mountains, turns the course of streams, encloses rivers within its parks, builds gardens in the air, and introduces the invention of suspending forests : Confess that Avarice is a glorious crime, because it rolls on mountains of gold, possesses

* Senec. de irâ. Cap. ultimo.

less lands as extensive as provinces; and because its Farmers have larger tracts of land to cultivate, than the first Consuls of ancient Rome had to govern: Confess, that lust is courageous, because it passes the seas in quest of what it loves, fights for its acquisition or preservation; and because women possessed by this passion, despise death for the gratification of their desires, and expose themselves to the worst effects of their Husbands resentment, to content their Adulterers: Confess, in fine, that Ambition is generous, because it finds no honours great enough to content it, would have every year bear its name, and all pens employed in writing its praises. But indeed, all these Passions are full marked with pusillanimity, and whatever shadow of grandeur they may have, they are really mean, and nothing is grand but what is reasonable, or to speak in a more Christian manner, nothing is august but what is animated by the Grace of Jesus Christ.

But that it might not be believed that odious examples have been sought after, to deprive Anger of that magnanimity it piques itself for, it will not be amiss to examine the reasons that are alledged in

its defence, and to consider it in a state, wherein it may pretend to praise or excuse. Should we not be angry when divine and human laws are violated? 'Tis not allowable to abandon ourselves to the motions of Anger, when it persuades us to avenge our Parents; and is it not a pious action to be incensed against the impious, who prophane altars, or dishonour temples? It must be owned that this Passion cannot have more specious pretexts, and that it shines in its fairest lustre, when it shews itself the assertor of subjects so reasonable. But it may be found that they who are spirited up in defence of their Country, will have the same sentiments for the preservation of their pleasures, that they will fret as much for the loss of a horse as for that of a friend, and that they will bluster as much about chastising a valet, as repelling an enemy. It is not piety, but weakness, that excites this Anger, and as it rises, as well for a word, as for a murder, we must conclude, that it is neither courageous nor reasonable. And indeed, the greatest part of the vengeance we take is a real injustice, and we endanger the committing of a crime, as often as we endeavour to be judges in our own cause.

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Our interests blind us, and self-love persuades us, that the slightest injuries cannot admit of reparation being made for them, but by the death of the guilty. We are of the humour of Kings, though not of their condition, fancying that all the injuries done us, are crimes of high treason. We would have flames, tortures, and gibbets employed for punishing our enemies, and we are unjust enough to think of engaging the justice of God in our interests. We could wish that his thunderbolts were levelled only at the heads of those who offend us, and highly impious, we would have Heaven always armed in our quarrel.

But though we might not form all these wishes, our revenge notwithstanding would be unreasonable. Even the name it bears informs us of its criminality, and though it seems so mild to those that cherish it, nothing can be more cruel nor mean; for it differs only from injury in point of time, and if he who provokes is culpable, he who revenges himself is not innocent. One begins the crime, and the other completes it; one sends the challenge, and the other accepts it; and the second is not more just than the first, but because the injury done him serves him as
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a pretext to do another. For which reason the Christian Religion prohibits as well revenge as injury, and knowing that we cannot retain justice by punishing whatever may be a cause of offence to us, it commands us to place injuries in the hands of God, and consign over the punishment of them to him, whose judgments though hidden from our eyes are yet never unjust. Religion teaches us, that it is arrogating to ourselves his rights, to think of revenging our affronts, and as all the glory is due to him, because he is our Sovereign, so all the vengeance belongs to him, because he is our Judge: But what is most admirable in his doctrine, and what surpasses as well the imbecility of our virtue, as that of our mind, he would have us relinquish the desire of revenging ourselves, and by stifling that resentment which nature esteems so just, would have us also change our hatred into love, and our rage into mercy. He would have us imitate his goodness, and that raised above a mortal condition, we should desire good to those who procure us evil. He would have us pray for their conversion, and that after the example of his only Son, who prayed for the salvation of his executioners, we should
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ask him forgiveness for our enemies. He reserves his greatest rewards for charity, and teaches us that we cannot hope for pardon unless we shew mercy ourselves. He places that virtue in a superior rank to all others, and overthrowing the maxims of the world, would have us believe, that greatness of courage is not properly founded but on the forgetting of injuries. His will is to efface from our Souls the remembrance of affronts and the hatred of enemies; and to hear him speak, it seems that his state has no other foundation than that law, and that none can pretend to a share of his glory without imitating his benevolence

Human Philosophy was not able to arrive at that height of perfection, yet has it observed that hatred is unjust and revenge mean; yet has had recourse to weak reasons for inculcating sublime virtues, and when not capable of extinguishing the sentiment of Anger, it has endeavoured to soften it. It has represented to us, that the world is a Republic, of which all men are Citizens; that if the body is holy, its members are sacred, and that if it is prohibited to conspire against the state, it is not less so to prejudice a man that makes a part of it; that it must be a strange disorder,

order, if the eyes fought against the hands, or the hands declared war against the eyes; that nature which had united them in the same body, had animated them with the same mind; and that friendly conspiring for the public good, they mutually assisted each other, lest the destruction of one part might bring on that of the whole: That therefore men, for the safety of the state, are obliged to contribute to their mutual preservation, knowing that society cannot subsist but by love, and that a body cannot live, of which the members cannot agree among themselves. All these maxims condemn revenge: Nature, notwithstanding her corruption, teaches us by the mouth of Philosophers, that Jesus Christ has commanded us nothing, but what is reasonable, and that if his Grace is necessary to us, for fulfilling his commandments, this is not so much a proof of their difficulty, as a mark of our disorder. As we ought to adore his justice, which punishes our crimes, we ought to adore his mercy, that fortifies our weakness, and acknowledge that he prescribes no laws for us, without giving us at the same time sufficient strength to observe them.

C H A P.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF ANGER.

THE Poet was right in saying that the road to Hell was open to all the world, and that all men indiscriminately might descend into it; but to pass out of it, when once entered, and revisit the light of day, after remaining in darkness, was a favour, which Heaven granted only to such great men, as had merited the same by their glorious labours. Nothing is more easy than to make an ill use of Anger, and to engage in the unjust resentments of revenge; corrupt nature teaches us these disorders, and without other masters than our desires, we find ways daily to gratify this passion; But nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make a good use of it, and so fierce is its disposition, that it is more easily extinguished than governed, more easily banished our Soul than moderated. It is so violent that it cannot be repressed, and so sudden that it cannot be prevented. Its first motions are not in our power, and when once raised, it has committed the greater

greater part of its ravages. Other Passions are dreadful in their progress: As scorpions that carry their venom in their tail, they reserve their whole fury to their extremity, and are never more dangerous than when they have ripened into strength through age. Hatred in its birth may be cured; but when it has collected growth with time, it mocks all remedies. An envy not yet well formed, may be defaced; but when it has once struck deep, Heaven must work miracles to stifle it. A Love, which has not yet passed from the eyes into the heart, and is rather a complaisance than passion, is extinguished as soon as kindled; but when it has penetrated into the bottom of the Soul, when it has carried its flames into the will, length of time is required to deaden the sting; and if hatred, rivalry, or jealousy add fuel to the fire, how must it be got under? But Anger has all its strength in its cradle; it is great as soon as formed, and as if it was of the nature of spirits, does not require time for growing; so that it is hard to be conquered the moment it begins to fight, and contrary to the humour of other passions, is more to be feared in its birth than progress. It carries its poison
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in its head, as vipers; and if you think to stifle it as it rises, you do but encrease its fury, and the monster is so savage, that to appease its violence, you must resolve to endure it.

I would therefore council all those who are desirous to make it conducive to virtue, to prevent its birth, and mitigate it, if possible, before it is formed. We should represent to ourselves that whatever excites anger in us, should not properly give us the least uneasiness; that things are not offensive to us, but because we are not acquainted with them; that riches and honours borrow their greatness from our ignorance, and that the accidents of fortune, and the injuries of enemies have all their force from our weakness. As to the good things which awake our desires, we should endeavour to persuade ourselves, that they are not worth the trouble of wishing for them; that their loss is of more advantage to us than their possession; that they are not what they appear to be, and that under a false appearance of pleasure, they conceal real pain: We do not yet know how to give them the names they deserve, and by a strange blindness, call our punishments, felicities. Our disgusts proceed only from
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our ignorance, and Anger would never surprize us, if we were thoroughly sensible, that virtues are our riches and honours. All the goods Fortune may deprive us of, are not ours ; whatever use she may leave us of them, she reserves to herself their sovereignty, and often takes them from, to inform us, that she does but lend and not give them ; being likewise rather the favours of her liberality, than the effects of our industry, it is just she should be covetous, after being so lavish of them. All her dispensations, in short, are too mean to fix our attention, and we therefore cannot find it strange that they foment dissensions between those that wish for the enjoyment of them, and cannot suffer their being divided.

As to unthought-of, unexpected accidents, we ought to remember that as existing in the world, we are subject to their laws ; that it would shew too great a partiality and fondness of ourselves, to pretend we ought to be dispensed with in things Kings could not ; that nothing has happened in past ages but may happen in this ; that our fortune is not better established than that of so many monarchs, who lost their lives and states in the same day ;
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that our health is not better than that of others, and that being composed of the same elementary materials, they suffer no diseases but may attack ourselves; that our riches are not secure, though acquired with justice; that flames may devour, thieves rob, and strangers take them away; and that the power of a great man, the malice of a judge, and the violence of an enemy, are accidents which we may well foresee, but cannot always avoid.

As to injuries, if slight, we should despise, and if atrocious, soften them. They will never do us so much harm as their Authors, and if unjust, will redound to our glory. Nothing brings innocence so much into estimation as injustice; if such as Socrates and Regulus had no persecutors, they would have received no praises; they are not illustrious but because they were unfortunate, and they are indebted for the better part of their glory, to the cruelty of their enemies. For making Martyrs there is a necessity for Tyrants, and the rigour of the latter is not less necessary than the constancy of the former. We must not give ourselves pain, if the intention of our enemies is unjust, so their act be profitable to us. Joseph was obliged to his

brethren; their hatred was glorious to him; if he had not lost his liberty, he would never have reigned in Egypt, and if he had not entered the prison, he would never have ascended the throne. What is it to us if the hearts of men are bad, so he that disposes them by his Providence, makes them instrumental to our well-being? and if we should not refuse the loss of liberty for acquiring a kingdom, why might we not bear with an injury, for gaining an eternal Crown? When these reasons often pondered upon shall make an impression on our minds, it will be difficult for anger to surprize us, and we shall find it tractable in its birth if prepared against its efforts; for its violence proceeds rather from our weakness than its strength, and it should seem that we have more meanness, than it has impetuosity.

With these precautions, it may, in some measure, be made serviceable, and King and Judges may usefully employ it in favour of justice. It should banish fear and lenity from their minds, when these stand indifferently opposed to the severity of the laws; it should spirit up with its noble fire, every degree of courage, far from suffering itself to be corrupted by promises, or intimidated

dated by threats; it should, in fine, succeed clemency, and put into the mouth of Monarchs, those * imperious words that awe and keep their subjects in obedience. We therefore see that the ingenious Poet gives Anger to his Jupiter, as often as he puts thunderbolts in his hand, teaching Princes by this example, to have recourse to that generous passion, when they have to no purpose employed mercy. 'Tis true that this proof is not convincing, and we need not be astonished at this prophane Poet's attributing the emotions of our soul to his Gods, since he imputes to them her disorders, and that after having described their murders, he relates to us their adulteries. But the Holy Scriptures, dictated by the Spirit of Truth, teach us that the true God puts himself into a rage, and that there are crimes which cannot be worthily punished, if Justice does not borrow the heat of anger. Wherefore, when the † sage represents to us that dreadful day, when God will take vengeance of his enemies, he clothes him in armour to intimidate and punish them; he animates him with zeal and jealousy; he braces him

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* Precibusque minas regaliter addit. Ovid. 2. Met.

† Wisd. c. 5.

round with Justice as with a breast-plate ; he places Judgment on his head, as a helmet ; he makes him to carry in the left hand, severity, as a buckler ; he puts into his right, Anger, as a lance ; and in this terrible offensive apparatus makes him to come down furious on the Earth, to punish the rebellious of his state. I know that the Prophet adopts himself to our weakness in this eloquent description, and that he does not pretend to persuade us that the Anger of God is of the same nature as ours, nor that this passion disturbs his rest, which is not interrupted even in Hell, by the chastisement of Devils : But it cannot be denied at least, that Jesus Christ adopted anger to avenge the injuries done to his Father, that with this view he armed with whips and cords those adorable hands that were to be pierced with nails, that he permitted his just resentment to appear on his face, and that in his situation he did nothing but what prudent men are accustomed to do, when they punish crimes, or protect innocence.

The wisest of Kings is of opinion that States cannot be governed without Anger ; he would have Kings sensible of their injuries ; that the sword they bear, ought to be
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he as much employed in punishing criminals, as defeating enemies; and that they should shew as much indignation, when the laws are violated by their subjects, as when frontier towns are taken by the neighbouring Powers. He believes that the Anger and Clemency of a Prince ought to maintain peace in his kingdom, and making use of an excellent comparison, says * that the one resembles the roaring of a Lion, which dismays all the beasts of the forests, and the other the dew falling on the tender blade, and defending it from the heat of the Sun. But in all these just emotions that accompany the punishment of Criminals, the Prince must remember, that punishments are remedies, and that even the death he commands, is a kind of mercy done to the guilty: Some he sends into banishment, lest their conversation increase the number of the wicked; others he strips of their goods to prevent their abusing them; some he deprives of liberty, that they may not use it to the prejudice of the State; he takes away their life when he judges their wickedness to be incurable, and he pardons

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* Proverb. 19.

them, when there is a probability of their becoming good and useful subjects. He is therefore obliged to divide himself between the sentiments of a judge and a physician, to treat the same person as criminal and sick, and to mingle sweetness with severity, lest he should be reproached that his Anger is more pernicious than profitable to his state.

If Kings are under an obligation of using so many precautions in the punishment of rebels, private persons may judge how reserved they ought to be in their Passions, and how gentle their anger in order to be reasonable; for their power is not equal to that of Kings, neither are their injuries so great, nor their resentment so excusable. I should therefore counsel them to stifle a Passion, the use of which is so dangerous, and to drain well its source, to dry up the streams. When natural to us, it makes the principal part of our Constitution; it is hard to be expelled, and it is not in our power to change the elements we are composed of, nor to correct the faults Nature has committed: Yet the evil is not remediless, and if it cannot be perfectly cured, it may at least be greatly mitigated. The wine that administers fuel to it, should be retrenched,

retrenched, and as Plato says, one * fire should not be superadded to another. It must not be nurtured with delicate viands, lest the mind be puffed up, in proportion as the body is invigorated. It must be exercised by moderate labour, to abate its heat without smothering it, and to convert its effervescence into vapour. Diversions likewise will be useful to it, so they are not excessive, and innocent pleasures will calm its fretfulness, if moderate. But when it is more from a foreign than natural cause, and is occasioned either by diseases that have altered our Constitution, or by lucubrations and other indiscreet watchings, that have chafed it, or debauches that have dried it, or by other disorders that wound together the body and soul, it will not be very difficult to rout an enemy, that keeps up no intelligence in the place, and had only by our own cowardice gained a lodgement in our heart.

But without seeking after so many remedies, we may safely use Anger against ourselves, permitting it to punish the crimes, of which we only are guilty. Self-love will be a good means to hinder

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* Senec. 2. de irâ. c. 11.

its excess, and without consulting so many masters, the care we take of our preservation, will guard us against the violence of this passion. 'Tis against ourselves, that it is reasonable to exercise it, so many just motives concurring to that purpose: 'Tis its indignant emotions we should make use of, to satisfy Jesus Christ, who requires from us a reparation of the injuries done him, and the revenge of his death: 'Tis in Penitence we can lawfully employ it, without fearing its excess should make us forfeit meekness, or its violence make us forget Charity: For it seems, that the virtue which punishes crimes, is but a moderate degree of Anger, and that the Penitent, who wages war against himself, is but a man irritated: Love and grief animate him with revenge; he cannot pass his sins in review without emotion, and believes without violating the laws either of Nature or Grace, he may be his own Judge and Party, his witness and executioner, and that without offending Justice, he may carry into execution the sentence he has pronounced against himself. Happy Anger, that offends only the man to appease God; that by its tears blots out its

its sins; that obtains pardon by accusing itself, and that by slight penitential works, delivers itself from the punishment of Demons, and acquires the felicity of Angels.

BOOK

B O O K VI.

OF PLEASURE AND PAIN

C H A P T E R I.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND EFFECTS OF PLEASURE.

THOUGH Hope receives many praises from men, being one of the most agreeable of the Passions that flatter their senses; yet it must yield to Pleasure and acknowledge it to be a Sun, whose presence defaces all its beauties; for if Hope promises good, Pleasure gives it; if Hope has flowers, Pleasure bears fruits; if Hope contents us in word, Pleasure makes us happy in fact. Pleasure is the term of all the motions of our Soul, and as Love is their principle, so Pleasure is their end. It stops short the violence of our desires, and constrains all volatile passions to taste the repose they seem enemies to; it makes Anger gentle, and wears away from it that fierce disposition, that accom-

accompanies it in all its designs; it pays
 Courage for its good services, and is itself
 the reward of the glorious labours it has
 suffered; it expels Fear, and banishes all
 those vain terrors, that intangle our soul
 in inquietude; it kills Despair which
 seemed to have conspired its death; it ba-
 nishes grief by its presence, and if it retains
 its tears and sighs, these are spoils that pro-
 claim its victory, and honour its triumph.
 Love is contented, when after all its pain-
 ful excursions it can rest in pleasure; of all
 the forms it assumes, this is the most
 agreeable to it, and it does violence to it-
 self, when it quits it to assume a new one:
 It is restless when it desires, and its wishes
 are shameful and true proofs of its indi-
 gence; it is not without apprehension
 when it hopes; and these two sentiments
 are such faithful Companions, that death
 only can separate them; for Fear passes
 into sorrow, when destitute of Hope, and
 Hope is changed into Despair, when sepa-
 rated from Fear: Love also is not satisfied
 when it revenges itself, and though re-
 venge is sweet, it is accompanied with
 pain; it is covered with sweat and dust in
 Courage, and if glory flatters, the threat-
 ning peril terrifies it; in Hatred it is tor-
 mented,

mented, and the evil it wishes its enemy, is a viper that gnaws into its bowels; in Flight it wants strength, and does not get away from the pursuer, but because it cannot defend itself; in Despair it is vanquished, and surrendering its arms to the Conqueror, suffers itself to be led away in triumph; in Grief it is wretched, and the remembrance of past felicities serves only to augment its present pains: But in Pleasure, it is altogether victorious, triumphant, and happy; all its evagations cease, all its desires are accomplished, and all its designs are brought to a prosperous issue. And indeed, there will be no room for surprize in considering its profound tranquillity, being now possessed of the happiness it sought after, and being happily arrived at the end of all its labours; for Pleasure is nothing else, than the enjoyment of an agreeable Good, which gives the mind contentment, and forbids it the use of Desire, as well as of Sorrow and Fear.

This definition excludes all the pleasures, arising from Reminiscence or Hope, which do not make us happy but because we have been or hope to be so. Memory does not always entertain us with a view of our misfortunes, though more faithful
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in retaining a disgust than satisfaction; but though memory attends oftener to the things that offend than to such as are agreeable to us, yet it represents to us our past felicities, and alluages our present misery by a pleasing remembrance: It triumphs over the laws of time to be obsequious to us; it recalls in our favour what is no more, and seeks after in past ages, amusements to recreate our spirits: But whatever effort it makes, it cannot deceive our soul, nor impart to her a real pleasure by entertaining her with nothing better than a lie; things past are but shadows, and if they make some impressions on our minds, they are rather of grief than joy: When Good is at a distance, it makes itself to be desired, but when past, to be regretted; its presence gives birth to our happiness, and its absence causes our desires or sorrows: The loss and possession of the same thing cannot be agreeable, and and whatever artifice memory may use, it cannot represent to us a good that is no more, without awaking our wishes and reviving our sorrows. Hope is scarce more favourable to us, for though she gets the start of our happiness, anticipates its birth, and feeds us with a pleasure that
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has not yet happened; though by an impatience of some utility to us, she goes to seek after in futurity, some present felicities, and thus by precipitating the course of years, brings forward our contentments; yet we require no great stock of prudence to be able to observe that she deceives us, and that she often makes us wretched, by striving to make us too soon happy: Her promises are found false, and after having long waited their effects, nothing remains to us but the shame of having been too credulous, and the regret of having grounded our happiness on an uncertain Good: Pleasure in order to be solid requires the presence of its object, and though in Morality the End has so much power over our will, it cannot make it happy without its actual possession. For which reason, the Ambitious and the Miser, who leave the present to amuse themselves with the future good, and who do not consider so much what they have as what they want, cannot be reputed happy, because in the enjoyment of honours or riches they droop in languors, and contrary to the nature of pleasure, seek what they have not, and despise what they possess.

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In consequence of the same definition we banish all those infamous pleasures, that arise from indigence, or are productive of pain; for besides that they make themselves to be desired with an uneasiness, far exceeding the pleasure they promise us, they are such enemies to the tranquil situation of the mind, that it is impossible to taste of them without becoming wretched and criminal; they wound the soul and body by the same blow; they weaken the one and corrupt the other; they are remedies worse than the disease they think to cure us of; their disorder causes always that of our health, and in this respect their excess is so pernicious, that their use must be moderate, to receive any satisfaction from them. True Pleasure is never more agreeable, than when wound up to its highest pitch; the greater it is, the more we are rapt by it into extacies, and being suitable to our nature, it never makes us more happy than when its communication is with profusion; but voluptuous Pleasures are a poison we must prepare and dispense with care and accuracy, if we desire to profit by them, and since sin has struck so deep its roots, we stand in need of Grace to secure ourselves from their disorder:

disorder: Whatever gratification they flatter us with, their affinity with Pain is so great, that their words and effects retain a striking likeness; they have their groans and their sighs as well as sorrow; when extreme, they melt into tears, and to convince us they are inimical to our nature, their excesses often bring us to death. But though they might not be creative of all these ills, it is sufficient for undeceiving us, to know that they are always followed by regret, pain, and shame; they dare not appear in public, and knowing that man's glory is incompatible with them, they seek to abide sequestered in shade, solitude, and silence; They would blush if constrained to produce themselves, and the confusion that should cover their face, would trouble their contentment: Maladies are the penitence of their excesses, and Physicians would become useless to us, if voluptuousness could be brought under a proper regimen. So long as man contented himself with the fruits which the Earth yielded to him, and without irritating his appetite by the studied refinements in preparing a diversity of meats, he eat only to appease hunger, he had no superfluous humours to drain up, no fluxions

fluxions to divert into other channels, no fevers to allay and cure; abstinence was a substitute to him for all remedies, and the diet he used, dried up the source of all his ailments: But since he has unpeopled the earth and the seas for his food; since the monsters of nature have been tried as gratifications to his palate, since he has been over-curious to know the taste of tortoises and those other reptiles, which the simplicity of our ancestors confounded with serpents; since he must needs seek the freshness of his wine from the cold of snow, bring elements to agree in his body that are at war in the world, mix fish with fowl, and take into the stomach things which nature has assigned such different abodes to; a train of sickness has attacked him, and the disorders of his mind have occasioned the disorders of his body: The gout has vellicated his nerves, the stone has formed itself in his kidneys, winds have committed a thousand ravages in his intestines, and as if the elements designed to resent the confusion he had caused of their qualities in his debaucheries, they became corrupt to revenge themselves, and by the last effort hatred is able to produce,

duce, destroyed themselves to destroy their enemy.

In consequence likewise of the same definition, we condemn all the pleasures which Nature has no demand for, but when she is seduced by opinion; for her contentments are as regular as her desires, and without seeking after useless things, she is satisfied with such as are necessary: she desires only what she well cannot do without, and necessity being a law to her, she consults it in all her wants, and forms no wishes but with its approbation. Hence it happens that they are in no great number, and few things may satisfy them. The water of a spring is sufficient to Nature for quenching her thirst; the fruits of the earth appease her hunger; the wool of sheep furnishes her cloaths, and before luxury obliged her to make war upon animals, for aught I know, trees might have afforded her cloaths, it being not improbable, that those who found food in their fruits, found also cloathing in their bark: At least, it is very probable, that in those innocent ages there were no murders for the sake of ornamental apparel, no injustice committed for the sake of accumulating wealth, and no violence exercised

cised on Nature for procuring criminal delights : Her houses were built without any of the now known orders adjusted according to the proportions of art, and he who was the Architect of them, was also the Carpenter and Mason. The earth spread with a carpet of moss then served man for a bed, and as he never laid him down but when invited by sleep, he slept without restlessness and awoke with pleasure ; he was acquainted with no other perfume than that of flowers, and because purer than ours it was far more agreeable ; the uses of coaches were unknown to him ; his journies were not long, and he performed them by the helps nature had given him ; war was odious to him and commerce unnecessary ; horses he left to range about at liberty, and made no use of that noble animal, which rage and avarice have made necessary to us ; whatever way he turned, the earth was sufficiently fruitful for his food and raiment ; he found in deserts wherewithal to content his desires, and what we want in towns, he had no need of in solitudes. In those happy ages all pleasures were innocent, and man tasted no pleasures but what were real : But now, as not natural, they are far

from being reasonable; they debilitate the body and emascuate the mind, and experience teaches us that their use is as pernicious, as their privation is salutary.

But that I may not be accused of being an enemy to Pleasure, and depriving man of the remedies Nature has given him for softening the rigours of the ills that encompass him; I must say, that solid contentments are those of the mind, and that man cannot be satisfied, if the more noble part he is composed of, is not happy. The knowledge of truth and practice of virtue ought to be his principal recreation; he should follow his best inclinations, and in his person, copy rather the purity of the Angel, than the gratification of the Beast; he should remember that the Body is but the slave of the Soul, and that in the choice of pleasures it is just the mistress should retain the preference: Those indeed, which the soul tastes, are the truest; and if some are of a different opinion, it may be thought that sin having robbed them of Grace, has likewise left them destitute of Reason. For the Pleasures of sense suffer limitation, and those of the Soul are circumscribed by no bounds; the Pleasures of the body are foreign, and those of the soul natural; the
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former we may be deprived of without using any great violence against ourselves, the latter cannot be taken from us even by death, which stripping us of all our riches cannot strip us of our virtues: The Pleasures of the body are in a perpetual succession, and depending on the nature of time, fly off, the past by a necessary law giving place to the present, and the present to the future, so that the body never possesses its good but in part; it is poor amidst its riches; whilst it enjoys on one side, it languishes on another, and by an unhappiness inseparable from its condition, finds no contentment capable of satisfying all its senses: But the Pleasures of the Soul are never divided; they present themselves all at once, and the same thought that enlightens the mind, fills with warmth the will, and refreshes the memory: The Soul's joy is universal; one faculty never droops in melancholy, while the others are satisfied, and as if they were linked together by a community of Goods, that which pleases one, is agreeable to all the rest. In short, the Pleasures of the mind are more intimate than those of the senses, for the soul is quite filled with them, and the happiness she possesses penetrates her

essence: By changing into herself what she knows, she transforms herself into what she loves, and by an admirable metamorphosis, becomes herself her felicity; but the senses are in union with their objects by accidents only; they see the colours of things, and know not the essences; they hear the sounds of words, and do not conceive the thoughts they are signs of; so that the body's fruition is only as a painted surface, its gratifications but a shadow, and its felicity but a false appearance; but the mind is happy in effect, its contentment is solid, and the goods it possesses are real.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ILL USE OF PLEASURE.

OF the many different means Sin has invented to abuse Pleasure, there are four that require to be pointed out and invalidated, having had illustrious partizans and men of worth to defend them. The First is Voluptuousness, which seems to derive its name from Pleasure itself, and pretends not to be unfriendly to Virtue.
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Upon account, however, of their variance, and the necessity there was of abandoning the one to preserve the other, there rose formerly a sect of * Philosophers, who endeavoured to reconcile them, and though in the main their intention was good, they did signal injury to virtue: For observing that the difficulties accompanying virtue, made her odious to mean and dastardly souls, and that the necessary labour for her acquisition, made in this respect their desires extremely languid, they strove to persuade them that she was mild and tractable, and under a visage of austerity, concealed an agreeable temper. On their word all men became enamoured of her, and imagining they should find voluptuousness as the consequence of their pursuit, fondly courted the mistress in hopes to possess the lady in waiting: But finding this Pleasure as coy as virtue herself, by its abiding in the bottom of the soul, and therefore making no impression on the senses, they changed their design, and made openly love to voluptuousness, yet as not distinct and separate from virtue. Thus it was, that impudently arrogant,

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they,

* The Epicureans.

they fought to make Philosophy instrumental to authorize their injustice, and gave a glorious name to an infamous rebellion. They were strenuous in making the People believe that virtue never deserted voluptuousness, and that there was no separating without doing violence to them. Their deceit was soon discovered, and the true Philosophers heaped so much obloquy on it, that poor Epicurus could never extricate himself from the embarrassment; for though his design was excusable, having proposed voluptuousness to men with the view only of making them love virtue, yet as the success was not answerable, he could not escape calumny, and the zeal of his adversaries confounded his opinion with the error of his disciples. He was also in some measure culpable himself by seemingly designing to equal Pleasure to Virtue, and by making the Sovereign and the slave to sit on the same throne; and he merited the public indignation, if for no other reason than because he was diffident of the power of virtue, and that in order to gain over lovers to her, he had decked her out in the garb of voluptuousness. But if his opinion in all its admissible innocence, has not escaped
 censure,

cenfure, that of his difciples is too criminal to think of refuting it: 'Tis fufficient that it was univerfally condemned, and that its very partizans did not dare to defend it publicly: Its fhameful difpofition is punifhment enough to it, and this is evident from its seeking the fhade, as well for concealing as gratifying itfelf. No honeft man ever flood up in defence of it, and the moft infamous do not fide with it, unlefs they firft chufe to bid farewell to Reafon.

The great Deceiver of Mankind perceiving that this artifice had evaporated, and that he could feducer only the fouls, which without waiting his fuggeltions, fhould deftroy themfelves of their own motion, bethought himfelf of an artifice, the more dangerous as covered with a fpecious pretext. He endeavoured to perfuade all men that true Pleafure was to be found in honour, and that whatever was glorious, was perfectly agreeable. He inculcated that Glory was the reward of virtue; that the approbation of the People was the felicity of Monarchs; that Conquerors attacked only the liberty of ftrangers, to deferve praife from their own fubjects; and that if they injured them, it was merely to make this
treatment

treatment conducive to their honour. All the Great embraced this party, and persuaded by reasons more glaring than substantial, made love to Glory, becoming its Martyrs, and staking down their liberties and lives, to acquire reputation. This pernicious maxim gave birth to an extreme misfortune; for men preferring honour to virtue, divided two things which ought to have been inseparably united, and by the Devil's malice became proud, and ceased being virtuous. They gaped after illustrious crimes, they despised humble virtues, and by an injustice deserving of exemplary punishment, deserted a Sovereign, to make love to her slave. They were undoubtedly unacquainted with her great merit, as seeking a different reward from that which is found in her possession; and they were far from the temper of her true Lovers, who relinquish the blandishments of glory to preserve virtue, and are never more faithful to her, than when dignities are tendered to corrupt, or obloquy vented to dismay them. But without engaging in the defence of so reasonable a party, I shall point out some particulars, which may declare the inanity of the reverse, by forcing the abettors of it to take
a view

a view of their own interests, and making them acknowledge, that what goes under the denomination of honour, cannot cause a real pleasure, and that a man rich only in glory, is poor in contentment. How should he find his happiness in a thing he is not possessed of? How should he ground his felicity on a good which is dispensed with so much injustice, and is oftener given to guilt than to virtue? What satisfaction can he enjoy, when his conscience will give the lye to his reputation, and he must blame actions himself, which the world approves for no other reasons, than because they are unacquainted with the motives that influenced them? How can he find a real tranquillity amidst the different opinions of men, who are not agreed even on the most certain things, and who according to the diversity of Passions agitating their minds, condemn a virtue they have esteemed, and esteem a vice they have condemned? Pleasure to be solid, ought to be constant, and if any glory can be the reward of a good action, it is not that we expect from the People, but that we receive from our conscience. It is therefore an abuse of Pleasure to place it in so frail a thing, and it is giving the preference

rence to appearances before realities, to seek after in the mouth of men, a felicity that ought to reside in our heart.

The Philosophers that think to find it in science, seem to lean on a much better foundation ; for besides that the desire of knowledge is more natural to us than that of glory, and that truth makes stronger impressions on our soul than honour, it is a good which is intimate to us, and which we cannot be robbed of. Tyrants, that take away our lives, cannot take away our knowledge, and calumny that may tarnish our reputation, cannot obscure the talents of our mind. We are learned in spite of our enemies; the precious riches of wit and genius accompany us in prison, follow us into banishment, and do not quit us even in death. We carry them about us wherever we go, and Fortune that snatches honour from Conquerors, and renders voluptuousness insipid to its votaries, cannot despoil Philosophers of science : But whatever advantage it may pretend to over its rivals, it cannot be the felicity of man ; for besides that it is blended with ignorance, and its lights confused with darkness, it contains more doubts than certainties, more errors than truths, and is
often

often to little purpose or criminal in most of its uses. Some study for the sole pleasure of being learned, and this is a foolish curiosity; some, that it may be known that they are learned, and this is a shameful vanity; some others with a design of setting up their science to sale, and this is a mean traffick. 'Tis true, that there are some who study to edify, and this is a laudable charity, and others that study for their own instruction, which is a wise prudence. Of all these, the two last are the only that do not abuse science, because they acquire it with the view of employing it in the service of virtue; but even on this occasion it is not without its troubles and faults, and if not accompanied with humility, it fills us with self-sufficiency and self-love. After all it must be confessed with the wise man, that it is a painful occupation God has given to men for their punishment, and rather an effect of his justice than mark of his love.

If the use of all these pleasures is not innocent, that of Riches is much more criminal, for whatever eulogiums are passed upon them, they are enemies to virtue, and if of service to magnificence and liberality, they are hurtful to continence and justice.

justice. There is no vice but employs them to satisfy its unjust desires, and whoever should take them away from Avarice, Pride, and Impudicity, would reduce these to a happy impotence of doing evil: The greatest Philosophers have therefore acknowledged that they are the ruin of families and the destruction of States; that the contempt of them is more safe than the possession, and that when once they have entered a house, they drive from it all virtues. And indeed, unless we were as remarkable for constancy and long-suffering as the Stoics pretended to be, and lived in that equality which they wished to all men and which they did not find in their own fates, riches must irritate our desires, awake our hopes, encrease our fears, and oblige us to confess that there is infinitely more trouble in keeping than acquiring them. The rich, in fine, are so unhappy in their condition, that to have a relish in it for some pleasure, they must imitate that of the poor, and seek in poverty what they could not find in abundance.

But in what will you make pleasure to consist, if it be neither in voluptuousness nor glory; and where will you place it, if ill accordant with science and riches? I own that there are reasonable pleasures,
lawful

lawful honours, modest sciences, and innocent riches; but certainly the common use of them is disorderly, and by a just punishment of God, every one finds his pain, where he seeks his felicity. The unchaste suffer dejection and melancholy amidst their gratifications; jealousy and suspicion take vengeance on them for the violation of Chastity; and distempers make them smart by furious exactions for their infamous pleasures. The Ambitious are the victims of vanity; they have the unhappiness amidst the smiles of their most flattering fortune to be belaboured by a double envy; for they cannot admit of equals, and their inferiors cannot endure them; they despise honours as soon as they are possessed of them, and holding in estimation such only as are wanting to them, they mingle inquietude with enjoyment, and marr an assured happiness, by the desire of an uncertain contentment. The Learned are scarce more happy; the Passion that ruined the first Man, torments them; the crime of the Father forms the punishment of the Children, and the same knowledge that expelled him Paradise, persecutes them in the world; they consume their whole life in learning ridiculous or useless things; they are at war with each other on account
of

of defaced characters, and the import of monumental inscriptions; and this the only reward Conquerors can claim, occasions almost all the disputes of Critics; they boast that it is by these glorious pursuits they soar to Heaven; they seek immortality in sepulchral monuments, and treat with the Dead, to reign with the Gods; they know how to speak, and know not how to live; they are learned, and are not virtuous; and by a strange blindness, do not perceive that their science, as proud and ostentatious, will not be confined by bounds no more than ambition, and that, as disorderly in its desires, it is intemperate like voluptuous pleasure. Misers fetch many deep sighs as they sit watchful over their hoards; they have but the keeping and not the use of them; they respect their riches, and dare not touch them; they convince us that they are the slaves and not the masters of them; and that the only satisfaction they have from them, is to keep others from their enjoyment. But that I may not be reproached for discovering an evil, without prescribing a remedy for it, I set apart the following Chapter for arguments in defence of innocent and lawful Pleasures.

C H A P.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GOOD USE OF PLEASURE.

THOSE, who condemn Pleasure, are obliged to condemn Nature, and accuse her of having been guilty of faults in all her works; for this prudent Mother has infused pleasure into all our actions, and as a specimen of her admirable wisdom, was willing, that as the most necessary were the meanest, they should be likewise the most agreeable. And indeed, if she had not found this innocent artifice, the world long since would have sunk into ruins, and men, that compose its more noble part, despising the care of self-preservation, would have left it a prey to wild beasts. For who would take the trouble of eating, if not invited by satisfaction as well as necessity? who could ever suffer sleep to lull his senses into its inert state, to rob him of the use of reason, and to induce him to exchange life for the image of death, if the sweets of its poppies did not make that remedy as charming as it is shameful? Pleasure
VOL.II. PT.II. M recommends

recommends itself by its utility to the body, and may be said to be not less necessary to the mind, which, notwithstanding all its ambition, would not engage to signalize the conquest of virtues, and defeat of vices, if glory did not receive the allay of joy, and if these two things did not constitute the reward of its labours. Who would endeavour to conquer infamous and criminal pleasures, if there was not a charm in the innocent as a spur to the enterprize? Who should dare to attack death, and subdue a monster that triumphs over the victorious and vanquished, if our constancy was not animated by the satisfaction victory promises? Who could conquer all the difficulties the sciences are complicated with, if they were not seasoned with some sweetness? and who would ever form noble designs, if there was no inducement from the hope of pleasure? But though Nature has grafted it on all necessary or difficult actions, she would have it to be rather our help than our motive, and rather as a recreation than reward to us: She would have us regard it as a means she has given us for acquiring Virtue, and use it as a remedy she has found to temper our displeasures;

pleasures; for the life of man abounds with miseries, and if Heaven had not softened them with joy, all our Passions would terminate in grief or despair: we should remain oppressed under the weight of our misfortunes, and losing the hope of conquering our enemies, should lose the desire of resisting them. To raise our drooping Spirits that wise Mother solicits us by Pleasure, and mixing it equally with things difficult and shameful, obliges us not to despise the one, nor to dread the others. But whatever satisfaction she proposes for us, it is always on condition, that it must not be our end, but merely an agreeable means for its attainment; whence, we are obliged to taste of it with the sobriety of Travellers taking a view of a fine country on their way; it serves to refresh their Spirits, they admire its extensiveness, they prize its fecundity, they commend its opulence, but they do not stop to despoil it; and knowing that enjoyment is not allowed them, content themselves with the recreation it affords them, and even whilst they take it, they redouble their pace, and continue their journey. Thus the Pleasures of the Earth may very well be our diversion, but not our occu-

pation. When Nature intermingled them with our actions, her design was not to make them our felicity, but our consolation, and she did not think they should fix us to earth and time, but raise us to heaven and eternity. It would be acting the brute to seek only pleasure in eating, and to make a gratification of what is only a remedy. It is irrational to love sleep, because accompanied with some sweetness, and to place the happiness of life in the image of death; sleep may be indulged because necessary, and we ought to thank Divine Providence, which more beneficent and more powerful than Medicine, has provided us with agreeable remedies for the cure of our ailments without exercising our patience. It is acting unjustly, and not having a sufficient regard for Virtue, to be enamoured of her for the sake of voluptuousness: She is too noble not to be our end, and it is doing her an injury to seek other motive, or hope other reward than her possession; the Pleasure that accompanies her is only for those dastardly Souls, that have not courage enough to follow her in her difficulties; she is never more glorious than when more difficult, and her faithful lovers never find her
more

more beautiful than when crowned with thorns. Nature, however, does not forbid us to taste those sweets which are found in our researches of Virtue, provided we consider them as helps to our weakness, and do not take for compleat implements of happiness, the things given us by way of relaxation: Yet, this is the crime of all Men, and this disorder is so general, that scarce any are found, who do not slight Virtue, and seek Pleasure solely on the account of Pleasure. Every one would make his last end of a means that is not honourable, but because it is necessary; and every one would have a passion, which Nature has implanted in us for the mitigation only of our misfortunes, to be the accumulation of our happiness. We no longer pay regard to any thing but what delights; glory yields to pleasure, and even Virtue herself, by a signal injustice, has no lovers, unless she promises voluptuous pleasures; so that of all the passions, not one does her more prejudice than Joy: For Desires are noble, Hopes are generous, Courage and Anger attack Vice, Hatred and Fear guard against it; but Joy is soft, and so soon as solicited by delights, it suffers

itself to be corrupted: The other Passions are in perpetual motion, and as they always run, their attachment is never so strong to an object, but that they may be easily separated from it; but Joy is at rest, and as it contracts itself by close embrace into the center of the Good it possesses, many struggles are required for weaning it. Therefore the Son of God, knowing the difficulty of conquering this Passion, when once formed in the Soul, forbids us to admit, and counsels us to reserve it for those contentments that never end: He characterizes his disciples by a distinguishing mark from those of the world, as well by joy as by love; he employs all his reasons to persuade us, that the joys of time are not compatible with those of eternity; and that to be happy in heaven, we should be wretched on earth; he mingles pain with our pleasures, disseminates thorns among roses, and by a loving severity, infuses our delights with bitterness to give us a disgust of them; he teaches us that voluptuous pleasures are not only perishable but painful, and not only useless but criminal. In fact, they are the daughters and mothers of pain, and all such as promise us the most exquisite

quisite pleasures, subsist only by their antecedent trouble. Monarchs do not triumph till after victory; they would not have defeated their enemies without fighting them, and joy measures itself so exactly by pain, that the beauty of triumph depends on the greatness of the battle: When it has not been well disputed, the pleasure is less, and the glory is not so illustrious. Seamen have never a better relish for the sweets of life, than when they have escaped shipwreck, and their joy is never so sensible, as when after despairing of saving themselves, a blast of the storm drives them on the shore. An only son is never so dear to his mother, as when he has encountered great dangers, and cost her many tears; she believes she has produced him, as often as she has bewailed him; her joy springs from her grief, and the satisfaction of possessing him would not have been so great, if she was in no fear of losing him. We must suffer hunger to find pleasure in eating, and as nothing exalts more the charms of light than to be extricated from darkness, there is nothing also that gives a greater stimulus to pleasure than foregoing trouble. But by another consequence as

necessary, and much more calamitous, pleasure is converted into pain, and what was agreeable to us in its birth, becomes the reverse in its progress. When sleep is too long, it degenerates into a lethargy, and the remedy which nature has found for recruiting our strength, destroys it, when it becomes continued. An excess in eating suffocates natural heat; too violent exercise debilitates our vigour, and the most innocent pleasures become punishments, when immoderate.

Temperance might cure us of these disorders, if they did not proceed too far; but experience teaches us, that what passes for a pleasure in the world, is a crime before God, and that most of our joys cause the sorrow of the virtuous. The military Gentleman exults in the murders he has committed, and in this corrupt age we call valour, what in a more innocent, would have been called cruelty. The lustful man is elated with joy for having ravished the object of his desires, and if he gratifies his lust, by indulging his incontinency, the oftener he trespasses in this kind, the more pleasures he tastes. A Tyrant finds a source of joy in his usurpation, and if he derives glory from
his

his injustice, he reputes himself happier than a lawful Sovereign. A choleric man is overjoyed for having sated his revenge; though he has violated all the laws of Charity to obey his Passion, he finds sweets in his crime, and by a strange blindness, the more he is culpable, the more he thinks himself happy: So that the joy of the world is nothing else than an unpunished malice, or sin glorying in itself. Indeed, when this Passion becomes criminal, it must be something miraculous that shall restore it to its innocence: For though such desires as rise up against the laws of God are unjust, there being punishments appointed by him for the chastisement of disorderly wishes, they are, however, but offences just begun, and not yet fraught with their full complement of malice. Though foolish hopes are punishable, as being incentives to vanity, yet they are not always followed by effects, and frequently by a happy impotence, do not all the evil they had promised themselves. Our courage is more inconsiderate than malicious, and some accident may retard or destroy all its impetuosity. Our pains and our sorrows are not obstinate; relieve them a little, and they are cured; and
being

being dissatisfied with themselves, they easily change into their contraries. Our Fears are of a fugitive nature; the moment their cause ceases to operate on them, they pass away, and leave us free and easy. In short, there is no incurable passion but joy; for since it has mingled with criminality, and by corrupting all the sentiments of nature, has found its pleasure in evil, Morality has not been able to find any curative remedy for it. It must be a great disorder when a man glorifies himself in his sin, and as the Apostle observes, makes his glory to consist in his own confusion. It is a deplorable misfortune when he has lost fear with shame, and when the punishments prescribed by the laws, cannot keep him to his duty. It is a strange irregularity, when his sins have blinded him, or he has no further knowledge of them than to be ready to plead in their defence: But certainly it is the height of all evils, when he prides himself and takes pleasure in his crimes, when he establishes his felicity in injustice, and esteems himself fortunate, because he is criminal. Is it not, to punish this impiety, that Heaven brandishes its thunderbolts? Is it not, for chastising

chastising this horrid disorder, that the Earth pines in barrenness? And when war rages among nations, or pestilence depopulates cities, and converts states into solitudes, must we not believe, that these plagues are the punishments of men, who seek and place their contentment in their offences, and who violating all the laws of nature, mingle unjustly their joys with their crimes?

Now, as this evil, extreme as it is, is notwithstanding common, and as it implies great difficulty to taste of innocent pleasures, Jesus Christ counsels us to renounce all the pleasures of this world, and to lay the foundation, even now, of our happiness in heaven. He orders us by the mouth of his Apostle, not to open the door of our heart but to pure consolations, of which the Holy Ghost is the source, and by making us attend to our interests, obliges us to seek only that joy, which by being grounded on himself, can neither be troubled by the injustice of men, nor by the insolence of fortune: For, if we think to place it in our riches, we shall be obliged to dread the loss of them; if in reputation, we shall be apprehensive of calumny; and if, as beasts, in those infamous

mous pleasures that flatter the senses, and corrupt the mind, we shall have as many subjects of fear, as see accidents that may rob us of them. Wherefore, following the advice of St. Augustine*, which cannot be suspected by us, as having in the flower of his age tasted the delights of the world, we ought to be careful in diminishing our criminal pleasures, till they are entirely put an end to by our death; and by the same reason, ought to augment in us all innocent pleasures, till they are perfectly consummated in glory. But you will tell me perhaps that our senses are not capable of those innocent pleasures, and that Joy, which is but a passion of the Soul, cannot rise to such pure contentments; that something sensible is required for its occupation, and that being engaged in the body, it is an injustice to propose to it the felicity of Angels. This objection is not admissible but among those who believe, that the Passions of men are not more noble than the Passions of beasts. The affinity of the human Passions with Reason, renders them capable of all its valuable endowments and acquisitions. When enlightened by its lights, they may
burn

* Aug. l. 2. de verbis Domini, Serm. 14.

burn with its flames; when Grace sheds its influence on that part of the Soul, where they reside, they labour for eternity, and anticipating the advantages of Glory, carry away the body, and communicate spiritual sentiments to it: They make us say with a Prophet, My flesh and my Soul rejoice in the living God, and regardless of perishable delights, no more do they sigh after any but such as are eternal.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE NATURE, PROPERTIES, AND
EFFECTS OF PAIN.

IF Nature knew not how to draw good out of our evils, and if her providence did not convert our miseries into felicities, we should have reason to accuse her for having made the most troublesome of our passions the most common; for it seems that Grief is natural to us, and Joy foreign: All the parts of our body may feel pain, and but few of them can taste pleasure: Troubles crowd in upon, and attack us with united force; they conspire to afflict us, and though their coalition is not without jarring and reluctance, they make

make peace among themselves to accelerate our destruction. Pleasures also fall foul upon each other when they meet, and as jealous of our happiness, destroy one another: Our body is the theatre of their combats; its miseries arise from their quarrels, and man is never more unhappy than when divided by his pleasures. Pains are of long continuance, and as if Nature took pleasure in prolonging our punishment, she gives us strength to endure them, and does not make us more courageous or patient, but to make us more miserable. Pleasures, and particularly those of the body, last but moments; their death is never at any great distance from their birth, and when made to subsist by art, they cause in us either torment or loathing. As a confirmation of all these reasons, and to shew that pain is more familiar to men than pleasure; we need only consider the deplorable state of our life, wherein for the sake of a vain and empty gratification, we feel a thousand real pains. These come without being called; they present themselves of their own motion, they are linked with each other, and as the Hydra's heads, either never die, or sprout up after death: But
pleasures

pleasures make themselves to be sought for with trouble, and we are often constrained to purchase them for much more than they are worth. Pains are sometimes peracute, and attack us in so sharp a manner, as to make us incapable of consolation; but pleasures are never without some alloy of pain; they are always dashed with the cup of bitterness, and as no roses are seen, without being surrounded with thorns, so no pleasures are tasted of, without being accompanied with their punishments. But what shews evidently the misery of our condition, is that Pain makes itself to be more sensibly felt than Pleasure; for a slight illness marring our most solid contentments; a fever is capable of making conquerors lose the remembrance of their victories, and defacing from their minds all the pomp of their triumphs. Yet Pain is the most real of our Passions, and if we believe Aristotle, is that which occasions most alterations in our Souls: All others subsist but in imagination, and without the intelligence they are in with that faculty, would make no impression on our senses. Desires and hopes are but deceitful goods, and he was well acquainted with their nature,

nature, who called them the dreams of those awake. Love and hatred are the sports of frivolous souls. Fear is but an umbrage, and it is hard if the effect should be real, when the cause is imaginary. Boldness and anger create monsters for themselves to defeat them, and it is not surprizing that they proceed so easily to engage, because the weakness of their enemy, assures them of victory. But Pain is a real Evil, forming attacks on the soul and body conjointly, and making two wounds from one blow. I know that there are griefs which wound only the Soul, and exert the might of their efforts on the more noble part of man; but if violent, they descend into the body, and by a secret contagion, the anguish of the mistress, becomes the malady of her slave. The chains that fasten them together are so tight, that all their goods and evils are common; a contented Soul cures her body, and a sick body afflicts its Soul: That noble captive patiently suffers all the cross accidents that befall her, and for her prison be free from pain, she finds sufficient reason for comforting herself: She despises the loss of riches, and setting bounds to her desires, finds contentment
in

in poverty; she flights honour, and knowing it to be grounded merely on opinion, will not establish her felicity in the possession of so frail a good; she can relinquish voluptuous pleasures, and the shame that accompanies them, diminishes the regret that may be occasioned by their loss: Having no attachment to all these extrinsic and foreign goods, she easily divests herself of them, and should Fortune strip her of their enjoyment, she finds herself but the more free, and does not think herself the poorer: But when the body is attacked, and suffers either the burning heat of flames, or the injuries of weather, or the violence of distempers, she is forced to sigh along with it, and the bonds that maintain their strict union, make their miseries common: She is apprehensive of death, though she is immortal; she dreads wounds, though she is invulnerable; and she feels all the ills the prison she animates is made to suffer, though she is spiritual.

The Stoic Philosophy, which forms no estimate of an enterprize as glorious, unless it be impossible, would fain prohibit all commerce between the soul and body, and by a strange madness, contended

hard to separate two parts that compose but the same whole. It forbade its disciples the use of tears, and breaking thro' the most sacred of all friendships, would have the Soul to be in a state of insensibility in regard to the pains of the body; and would have her, whilst it should lie burning in the midst of flames, soar to Heaven, there to contemplate the beauties of Virtue, or the wonders of Nature. This barbarous Philosophy had some admirers, but never had any real disciples; its counsels threw them into despair, and such as thought of following its maxims, suffered themselves to be seduced by vanity, and could not guard against pain. Now, as the Soul has contracted so intimate a sociality with her body, she must necessarily suffer with it, and being diffused through all its parts, must complain with the mouth, weep with the eyes, and sigh with the heart. Pity was never prohibited but by Tyrants, and that Virtue will receive praises in the world as long as any wretches are found in it: Yet the ills that afflict, are foreign to her, and the persons she assists, are for the most part unknown to her. Why then should the Soul be blamed for shewing compassion
for

for her body? How can she be accused of a dastardly disposition for bearing part in the pains she is encompassed by, which though not capable of hurting her in her substance, yet attack her in her house, and revenge themselves on her, in the only thing in the world she loves best: For whilst in the body, she seems to have renounced her noble extraction, and ceasing to be a pure spirit, interests herself in all the pleasures and pains of her host. The health of her host sheds on her the sweets of contentment; his distempered symptoms trouble her with anxious cares; the higher part suffers in the lower, and by a doleful necessity the Soul is unhappy amidst the miseries of her body. 'Tis said that * Magic is so powerful, as to find the secret of tormenting men in their absence, and making them feel in person, all the cruelties it exercises on their image. These wretches burn with a fire that touches only their picture; they feel blows they do not receive, and the distance of place cannot secure them against the wrath of their enemies. Love, as power-

* *Devovet absentes simulachra que cerea fingit,
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.*

Ovid. in Epist.

ful, and not less cruel than Magic, works daily a like miracle. When it unites two Souls, it finds means to make their troubles common; one cannot be offended without the other's feeling the offence; each suffers as much in the body it loves, as in that it animates: If then Love and Magic perform these marvellous things, need we be astonished if Nature having caused an attachment between Soul and Body, makes their miseries common, and if from one pain it excites two. The community of their felicities and misfortunes, is a consequence of their marriage, and Heaven must work a miracle to exempt them from this necessity? The joy of Martyrs was not a mere effect of Reason; when they tasted any pleasure in the midst of their sufferings, it was Grace which mitigated their rigour; it was he who changed the flames into Zephyrs in the fiery furnace, that converted their torments into sweets; or, if he did not favour them with that indulgence, he shewed them a greater, for by keeping the soul from feeling the pain of the body, he convinces the world, that he is the supreme director of Nature. But however this matter may stand, all Philosophers agree in opinion,

opinion, that the Soul cannot be happy in a wretched body, and that she cannot quicken it with life, without participating in its miseries. If her more noble part is affected with joy, whilst the body languishes in pain, that which animates the body must feel it, and to repay the interest of its services, must also be distressed in its company. Even the Soul of Jesus Christ, though perfectly divine, was notwithstanding sorrowful and afflicted, and he wrought a miracle on himself in the order of glory, that he might not make a breach in the social tie Nature has placed between the Soul and Body. It is therefore manifest that the two constituent parts of man cannot be separated in their sufferings, and that the torment of the one, becomes of necessity, the punishment of the other. They love too well to abandon each other in their troubles, and if the effort of pain cannot break the chains that bind them together, their miseries must therefore be common. Add to this, that the condition of the Soul seems more deplorable than that of the body; for besides that it is doing an injury to her noble qualities to subject her to pain, and is a sort of injustice to constrain her to suffer ills, from

which she is exempt by her Nature, yet she condemns herself to new sufferings, and the love she bears her body, obliges her to conceive sorrow for the pangs it endures. She feels them with the body, as being the principle of sensation; and as if this torment was not enough, procures to herself another by compassion, and afflicts herself in thought for all that tortures the body in effect; she mournfully muses on its maladies, after suffering them with it; on their account in sorrowful strains she sympathizes with the imagination, and of a single pain makes a double martyrdom. 'Tis true, that the imaginative faculty maintains so great a commerce with the senses, that it cannot be affected with grief, without exciting commotions in them, and cannot feel their ills, without communicating to them its distresses; it disturbs their rest by its trouble, and as the suffering of the body gives birth to that of the Soul, by a law as just as necessary, the trouble of the Soul produces that of the Body. This sensation is, in my opinion, the true sorrow, which is nothing else than a disgust, formed in the inferior part of our Soul at the sight of disagreeable objects.

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The effects of so melancholic a passion are exceeding strange; for when moderate, it furnishes the wretched with words for uttering their complaints; it renders them eloquent without being versed in the rules of Rhetoric; it teaches them figurative speech to exaggerate the causes of their feelings; and to hear them speak, it might seem as if the greatest pains or griefs were less than those they suffer. But when the passion is extreme, by a quite contrary effect, it fills the mind with astonishment, it suspends the use of the senses, it dries up tears, it stifles sighs, and seizing men with stupefaction, gives Poets that liberty of fiction, whereby they say, it changed them into rocks. When it is long, it disengages us from earth, and raises us into Heaven; for it is very hard that a wretch should love life when it abounds with miseries, and that the soul should have a great attachment for a body, which continually exercises her patience. All are not such dastards as that favourite of Augustus, whose passion for life was so great, that torments could not wean him from the desire of it. He boasted in his * verses that he

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still

* *Debilem facito manu, debilem pede, coxa, lubricos quate dentes: vita dum superest bene est. Hanc mihi velacuta si sedeam cruce, sustine. Mæcen.*

still could love it in a lame state of his limbs; that the most excruciating pains could not debar him of wishes for prolonging it; and that he could find charms amidst the most cruel sufferings, so he could find life. I believe the violence of suffering would have put other language in his mouth, and would have obliged him to own, that a prompt death is sweeter than a long pain; or if he had persisted in his first sentiments, we should be obliged to confess, that cowardly persons are more obstinate than the courageous, and that the love of glory does not make so great an impression on our minds, as the love of life.

But to return to our subject: when pain is violent, it severs the soul from the body, and causes the death of man; for grief and joy bear to each other this relation in their difference, that when extreme, they make forcible attacks on life: The heart is dilated by joy, it opens to receive the good that presents itself, its fruition rushes on to such a degree of excess, that quite debilitated under the weight of pleasure, it totters, it falls, it finds death in the height of its felicity: It is contracted by grief; it shuts the door against the assailing evil, and

and by an extreme indiscretion, surrenders itself into the power of a domestic enemy, to rid itself of a foreign one; for its effort gives birth to its pain; the care of defence involves it in greater embarrassment, and hastens the pace of death: Its negligence likewise often makes it wretched; it suffers itself to be surprized by pain for not having foreseen it, and being no longer in a state of defending itself when it arrives, is constrained to yield to it. Grief also makes us weep; when it has laid hold of our heart, it makes war on our eyes, it evaporates in sighs, it flows in tears, and spends itself by producing them; for the man that weeps, soothes himself; he meets consolation in moans, he finds some pleasure in complaints, and if marks of his pains, they are in like manner of his remedies. In short, as anger unbosoms and discharges itself by injuries, so grief, but more innocent, distills in tears, and abandons the heart, when it ascends to the face. Having now taken a view of its effects, nothing more remains than to consider the use that may be made of it, and on what occasions it may become innocent or criminal.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ILL USE OF PAIN.

THOSE, who believe voluptuousness to be the most dangerous enemy of virtue, will never imagine that pain is capable of siding with vice; neither will they be persuaded that there are criminal sorrows: Yet, indeed, few are found innocent, and most of such as draw tears from us, are unjust, or unreasonable. Man is so nice and supercilious, that all things are causes of offence to him; sin has made him so faint-hearted, that he places the privation of pleasures in the number of his pains, and thinks he has a just reason to be afflicted, when he does not possess all he desires: The number of his woes has increased by his cowardice; and he, who in the primitive ages, knew no other pains than sickness or death, is now replete with grief on account of dishonour and poverty. The testimony of his conscience is not sufficient for his virtue, and if with the approbation of heaven, he has not yet received the applause of earth,

earth, he fancies himself to be infamous; the riches of nature do not content his desires, and though he has all things necessary, he reckons himself poor, when he has not superfluities. Thus every one finds his disasters in felicity itself; and the most happy seem to affect so much delicacy, that Fortune, harrassed in serving them, cannot take away from them the pretences of complaint. The best success is attended with circumstances that bring affliction on them; a victory displeases them, because the enemy's Chief saved himself by flight, and lost not life and liberty with honour; the taking of a city is disagreeable to them, because unaccompanied with the revolt of a province, and their temper is so ingenious in creating itself trouble, that the greatest prosperities cannot put an end to their complaints, nor content their desires. It should seem that in this sort of persons, Pain is the slave of Voluptuousness, and that to be revenged for servitude, it makes its mistress to sigh and pine with grief in the midst of her pleasures. These men are undeserving of the balm of consolation; their troubles are too unjust, to oblige Philosophy to prescribe remedies for them; it is reasonable that their cowardice

ardice should be their punishment, and that they should languish in misery, as not knowing how to make and keep themselves happy. There are others that derive vanity from their discontents, and make subservient to their ambition the sincerest of our Passions: In all companies they bewail the loss of their friends; they would have their grief considered as a specimen of their love, and that it might be thought they have loved well, because they have heartily wept. They never wipe away their tears but when they sit solitary in their closets; they judge they should be improperly shed, if they wanted witnesses; and they inform us that they are not real, unless they meet with approvers. But indeed, the sorrow that lodges in our heart, is every where our companion, and it is in solitude where nothing diverts it, that it gives full liberty to its sighs, and contemplating its loss, strives to seek some comfort from its regrets. But though sincere, it might nevertheless be unjust, as often producing effects contrary to our desires, and making us forget the persons it forces us to lament; for nothing in the world becomes sooner more irksome to us than grief:
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Being in no respect amiable, it easily becomes odious; it tires out those that serve it, and to deliver themselves of it, they strive to rid themselves of the love that gave it birth: They deface from their memory the remembrance of their friends, that they might not be obliged to be sorry for them, and by an ingratitude always following immoderate grief, renounce friendship to cure themselves of pain. I know we are allowed to bemoan the death of our friends, and that tears are the first duties Nature obliges us to pay them; but we ought quickly to stop their current, and calling reason to our aid, ought to make their remembrance agreeable, if we desire it should be immortal: We seldom willingly think of tormenting subjects, and when once we do not find that sad pleasure Nature has placed in tears, we regard them as punishments, and avoid all the occasions that oblige us to give them vent.

But certainly of all the griefs that wound our Soul without a just cause, it seems that not one is more infamous than that of Envy; for the Pain caused by the privation of pleasures is not so unjust, but may have pretexts for defending itself; if
good

good reasons are wanting to it, excuses are found; and we see men, not put to so much difficulty to resist pain, as to abstain from voluptuous pleasure; they are fitter for fortitude than temperance, and martyrs may be sooner made of them, than persons remarkable for continence: The death of friends is a loss great enough to be bewailed, and friendship is a virtue of sufficient charms, to seek the glory of it, by feigned or real tears: All these griefs have evil for their object, and though their excess is marked with injustice, their cause admits of some excuse: But envy is a grief as mean as it is unjust, and in whatever point of view it may be considered, it can have neither pretext nor colour. It is offensive to every virtue, and by a malice that cannot be sufficiently condemned, declares war against all those noble habits that constitute the purest glory of our Soul. 'Tis certain, that all vices are enemies of virtue, and that there is no morality capable of reconciling them; Nature brings the elements to an agreement, and tempering their qualities, makes them ingredients in the composition of all her works; but human Prudence, with all the possible artifice it may have recourse

recourse to, cannot reconcile the differences of vice and virtue, nor make them reside together in the same person: Nevertheless, the Hatred of other vices is regular; they attack only their contrary virtue, and when by an unjust victory they have triumphed over that noble enemy, they relent, their rage subsides, and they leave man in some measure at rest. The persecution of Avarice is levelled only against Liberality; Ambition contends to defeat Modesty, and Lying, with all its impudence, attacks only Truth: But Envy, more furious than all these Monsters, makes war upon all virtues, and as if it were a poison compounded of all the rest, attacks at the same time, Charity, Justice, Mercy, and Humility: For, if Charity makes all things common, Envy claims their property, and does not take so much pleasure in their possession, as robbing its neighbour of them. If Justice renders to every one what belongs to him, Envy keeps all to itself, and unwilling to acknowledge other merit than its own, believes that all rewards are due to it. If Mercy is afflicted for others' misfortunes, Envy rejoices at, and by an excess of malice, finds its happiness in them. If
 Humility

Humility despises nothing, Envy finds fault with every thing, and strives to raise the superstructure of its reputation on the ruins of virtue: So that this shamefully pining grief may properly be denominated an universal Evil, and to consist of Avarice, Pride, and Cruelty. But though animated against virtues in general, Envy reserves its greatest exertions against the most noble, and attacks most fiercely, such as appear with greatest splendour; in this resembling those troublesome flies that keep hovering about the most beautiful flowers of a parterre, or like to the ravaging force of thunder, which makes choice of the tallest trees, and discharges its fury on the highest mountains. It appears not courageous, but from the noble enemies it attacks; it would have itself esteemed generous, because insolent; and it derives its vanity from the greatness of its crime.

From this bad quality proceeds another, not less perverse. Envy, as hating virtue, cannot endure virtuous persons, and its hatred prompts it to revenge. When by Calumny, it can effect nothing against the glory of the Innocent, it makes attempts on their life. Its first essay lies in obloquy, but

but the completion of its work is in murder; so that it thirsts to shed the blood of those, whose glory it could not tarnish. No parricide has been committed, which it has not counselled, and of the many cruelties imputed to hatred or anger, the most signal are the works of Envy. It armed in the beginning of the world, the hands of Cain against his brother, and furnished him with weapons before iron had been extracted from the bowels of the earth; so that in the age succeeding that of innocence, it taught the perpetrating of the first parricide, and death, which was only the penalty of sin, became a crime by its counsel. It stirred up the children of Jacob against their brother Joseph; his future grandeur kindled jealousy in their hearts, and to oppose the designs of heaven, they made a slave of him, who was destined to royal power. It instigated Saul against David, and by a blind rage persuaded him, that nothing is more pernicious to Sovereigns than the greatness of their subjects; and that the power of a stranger is not so much to be dreaded, as the virtue of a domestic. But to ascend higher, and proceed to the source of our misfortunes, it was Envy that animated

the wicked Spirits against men, taught them the contrivance of destroying them before their birth, and making them die in the person of their father. But if Envy involves its enemies in so great a number of ills, it does not procure fewer to itself, and is as much its own torment, as a plague to virtue; for it sees no prosperities that do not afflict it; the happiness of its neighbour is the cause of its misery; his good success forces out its tears, and in whatever way he should be fortunate, this is more than enough to make it for ever wretched. It confounds the nature of good and evil to accumulate its disgests, and by a disorder, which is not just but because prejudicial to it, evil gives it joy, and good affliction. It sheds streams of tears on public occasions of festivity, and yet in public calamities finds subjects for triumph and alacrity. Its own ruin seems agreeable provided it involves that of its enemy, and the guilt of injustice is so natural to it, that it purchases the pleasure of revenge at the expence of its own life. Angered at Fortune, it vents bitter complaints against the age it lives in, and when it cannot hinder the good success of its enemies, despair keeps it sequestered in solitude,

solitude, where amidst fix'd thought on the cause of its displeasures, it suffers the punishment of all the crimes it has committed.

To give some inlet to consolation in this state of wretchedness, it assumes to itself an air of grandeur, and would fain persuade every one, that if it blames the virtues of others, it is because it sees them tarnished with blemishes. To hear it speak, it seems as if it had derived its origin from Heaven, and that the earth has not crowns and sceptres enough to compliment its honour; believing that all honours are its due, and that therefore it must be robbed of all such as are not given it. In short, it is as insolent as Virtue is modest, and its language as impudent, as that of its enemy is meek and circumspect: Yet nothing is meaner than its courage; it always grovels, and if sometimes blind Fortune should raise it from the dust, it instantly falls back again, and dejected and distressed seems to crouch under the very things it had decried: For it is an undoubted maxim, that whatever inspires us with envy, stands in an elevated degree above us; even in our own judgment, we give the advantage to our equals, when their merit creates jealousy.

lousy in us. A Prince becomes the slave of his subjects, when he takes umbrage at their happiness; he descends from his throne and falls from his grandeur, the moment he forms a wish for what they possess; and in his opinion he judges their fortune to be placed in a higher degree than his own, whenever it excites jealousy in him. For which reason, that great * man, who made himself illustrious by his misfortunes, and whose innocence was exercised by so many subjects of disgrace, had observed very justly, that Envy was the Passion of mean Souls, making a prey only of such base and dastardly men that can undertake and atchieve nothing generous; for if they had the least tincture of a noble heart, and if virtue had communicated to them that satisfaction she always carries about her, they would be contented with their condition, and would form no wishes that would discover their misery: If they remarked in their equals any signal perfection, they would bestow on it its merited applause, or inspired with a noble emulation, would endeavour to acquire the like. But as the vice that plays the tyrant over them,

* Job. c. 5.

them, crawls shamefully on the ground, their conceptions must terminate in frivolously mean desires; even in making efforts for rising, their humiliation becomes more signal; and experience shews that their apparent grandeur, is but a mere effect of their real misery.

To all these misfortunes we may likewise add that of poverty, which is not the least punishment of Envy; for it has this in common with Avarice that its riches never content it, having a hundred eyes open on those of its neighbour, and not one on its own: It looks to only the opulence that may afflict, and not that which may divert; it believes that whatever others possess, is wanting to it, and ingenious in tormenting itself, aggrandizes another's felicity to add to its own wretchedness. So that to punish the Envious, they need only be consigned over to their own rage. Without undertaking to chastise their insolence, it is sufficient to leave them to themselves, and to permit the malign spirit that incessantly frets them, to draw vengeance from their crime. Such are the excesses this pining sorrow is capable of. In general all anxious pains require a just regulation to be made to

coincide with the strictness of virtue; and therefore we shall now see what virtues they may be made instrumental to, when under the guidance of Reason, and following the motions of Grace, regrets burst into affliction, for the injustice of the wicked, or the deplorable state of the Good.

C H A P T E R VI.

OF THE GOOD USE OF PAIN.

WE need not be astonished if the Stoics condemn Grief, as not approving the virtues it is productive of. Their Sage must taste so pure a joy as not to admit the least allay of displeasure. They raise him beyond the reach of storms, and endeavour to persuade us, that he unconcerned sees them forming under his feet. They assure us that in the sacking of a town or downfall of a state, he is no more moved than their Jupiter amidst the wrecks of the world, and that placing his whole happiness in himself, he beholds with indifference every reverse of fortune: If he sheds a few tears on the tomb of his
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parents; if he fetches a sigh at sight of his expiring country, his soul suffers no emotion, and he sees all these disasters without pain. This cruel Philosophy may speak as it pleases, but I do not believe that its doctrine is capable of destroying nature, nor that it can form a Sage, divested of all the sentiments of Humanity. Wisdom is not unfriendly to reason, and Heaven would not have united the soul with the body, if its design was to hinder their communication: Whence it may be thought that these Philosophers by uttering such proud words had in view the imitation of Orators, who forming hyperboles, lead us to truth by lyes, and assure impossibilities, to persuade us of what is hard to be credited. They could not help believing but that the mind must have some commerce with the body, and that the pains of the one must cause the sorrows of the other; but lest the more noble part should become the slave of the baser, they endeavoured to preserve its liberty through rigour, and to make it insensible, that it might always remain superior: For who could imagine that men so judicious in all things, should in this lose their judgment, and to defend the part of virtue, should

abandon that of reason. All the pomp of their dissertations had no other aim than to maintain the mind in its empire, and fearing it might be weighed down by the weakness of the body, they gave a sanction to its power by terms more eloquent than true. They imagined that to reduce us to the point of reason, it was requisite to raise us a degree higher, and that to grant no superfluity to our senses, we should refuse them necessities. They therefore believe with us that Grief may be rational, and that there are occasions when it might border upon impiety to shew no sorrow; but I cannot say we are so well able to persuade them that Penitence and Mercy are illustrious virtues, and that after having bewailed our own offences we are obliged lament the miseries of our neighbour.

These Philosophers are not austere, but because they are over-virtuous; they do not condemn Penitence, but because they love fidelity; and if they blame repentance, it is because they presuppose criminality. They would never have the party of virtue abandoned, or that vicious men should be treated with more lenity than the deserting soldier. Their zeal merits some excuse, but being unaccompanied with
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prudence, it produces an effect contrary to their intention; for it adds to the number of criminals by thinking to lessen it, it makes the weak obstinate, and depriving them of a remedy, changes their weakness into incurable maladies. Man is not so consistent with himself, nor approved in his duty, as the Angel, and though he loves good, his attachment is not so intimate with it, as not to be capable of a separation. Still is he not so perverse and obstinate as the Devil, and when he loves evil, he is not so deeply engaged, as not to be weaned from it. If his constancy is the cause of his sin, it is also its remedy, and if it helps to make him criminal, it likewise contributes to make him innocent. He is disgusted at criminal life, he is tired of impiety, and for these good effects he is indebted to the weakness of his Nature. If he had more strength, he would be more obstinate, and the Grace that converts him, would find more resistance, if he was more firm in his resolutions. Heaven makes this fault conducive to our advantage, and its providence operates on our weakness to make it a means to salvation; for when it has touched sinners, and and by preventing their will by its grace,
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has made them conceive a detestation of their crime, they complete the work of their conversion by the help of penitence, and seek in grief the means of appeasing the divine Justice. They punish their body to afflict their mind; they condemn the slave, as an accomplice, to mourn for the master's trespass, and well knowing that they do not afflict, but for having loved themselves too much, they oblige them to hate, in order to procure themselves good. They often chasten them by the same punishment because their faults are common, and by a just rigour conjoin in the penalty those that have not been separated in the crime. In this manner it is every man satisfies God, and his two constituent parts find in grief the pardon of their sins. I well know that libertines make a mockery of these duties, and place repentance in the number of remedies that are as shameful as useless; for why, say they, should you afflict yourself for an evil that no longer exists? why revive it by your regrets? why by a greater indiscretion change the past, and wish in vain that what is already done, had not been? These bad reasons will never turn away sinners from repentance, and if the im-
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pious come not better armed against piety, they will never have over her any great advantage. Nature daily authorizes the tears we shed for past misfortunes, a doleful remembrance fetches sighs from our hearts, and we cannot think of the evils we have avoided or suffered, without feeling some motions of pleasure or grief to rise up in our Souls. The elapsed time being the most certain part of our life, it is also that which excites the most real passions, and inspires us with the most sensible emotions: Futurity is too uncertain to make us over solicitous concerning it, and the events it produces are too hidden, to make great impressions on our desires: The past is the source of sorrow, and we have a right to afflict ourselves for an accident, which we no longer have in our power to avert; if it had only threatened us, we might have endeavoured to guard against it, and if it hung over our head, our prudence would have been employed in diverting the blow: But when it has once happened, nothing remains to us but grief for condoling with ourselves; and of the many Passions, that may furnish us with subjects of consolation amidst present or future ills, that only can soothe us for disagreeable past occurrences. If we could

recover our friends out of the grave, and by our cares re-animate their ashes, we should not waste ourselves away in useless regrets; but death being remediless, and medicine that may preserve life, being incapable of restoring it when lost; we weep with greater reason as our loss is real, and our tears seem to us more just, as the evil we suffer is less capable of remedy. In like manner, Repentance is not blameable, if unable to hinder a crime already committed, it devotes itself to grief, and if finding no means for repairing the offence, it testifies what it feels on that account by its sighs. It is grounded on this belief, and so much the better, as knowing that tears are not useless to it, and that mingled with the blood of Jesus Christ, they are efficacious to wash away all the pollution of sin. On other occasions tears work no miracles; if they comfort the living, they do not raise the dead; if they are as pledges to the afflicted of our love, they do not deliver them out of their troubles; thinking to succour the miserable, they augment their number, and instead of curing the evil, serve only to make it contagious; But the tears of Penitence obliterate sins, save sinners, and appease the just anger of God; for so good is God, that he is softened

softened by a little sorrow; remorse and displeasure at an offence are as a satisfaction to him, and knowing we cannot change what is past, he contents himself with our repentance of it; and as he reads hearts, and knows the tears, that proceed from true sorrow, he never refuses pardon to them, and before his throne it is sufficient for the criminal to confess his impiety, to receive and find its abolition. Before a human Bench of Justice, criminality and innocence are often confounded; a man is acquitted that makes a defence for his trespass by lies, and so he denies a murder that cannot be proved against him, he compels his judges to pronounce in his favour, but if he yields to the violence of torments, or is detected in his answers, his tears do not deface his crime, and his confession does not save his life: It is otherwise in penitence; the sincere and humble acknowledgement of the crime is sufficient to obtain pardon; its laws are so mild, that God forgets all the injuries done him, if sinners do but mingle a little love with their repentance, and if the fear of punishment is not the only motive of their sorrow. Our interests therefore oblige us to stand up in defence of a passion, of such singular advantage to us, and the hope of

our salvation being grounded on that virtue, which owes its birth to grief, we ought to maintain its cause, and employ the whole force of reason to authorize that which effects our justification.

Mercy will find not less credit among men than Penitence, and as no man is so happy but he may become wretched, I am persuaded it will not want advocates. The calumnies of the Stoics will not be able to banish it from the earth; the weakness imputed to it, cannot tarnish its glory; if injustice digs down its altars, piety will erect others to it, and if its temples of stone and marble are levelled with the ground, living and rational temples will be built up to its honour in the heart. They accuse it of being unjust, and of rather attending to the distress than trespass of Criminals; they blame it for dropping tears on persons, undeserving of them, and for desiring to lay open prisons, to let out indiscriminately the innocent and guilty. Notwithstanding all that may be alledged by these inhumane philosophers, it is the best way of employing sorrow, it is the most holy use we can put grief to, it is the most universally approved sentiment of our soul, and we must have issued from rocks, or lived among tigers, to condemn so reasonable a Passion.

Passion. It has its birth from misery, it imitates the mother that gave it life, and has so strong a likeness to her, that itself is another misery. It seizes upon the heart by the eyes, and going forth from where it entered, sheds itself by tears, and evaporates by sighs. Though accused of being weak, it excites our desires, and interesting us in the affliction of the miserable, gives us strength to assist them. Having proved its feeling towards them by its regrets, it proves its power for relieving them by effects, and giving orders from the throne it is seated on, forces the eyes to weep for them, the mouth to comfort them, and the hands to help them. It descends into dungeons with prisoners, it mounts the scaffold with criminals, it assists the afflicted with advice, it divides its substance with the poor, and without seeking other motives than misery, it is enough for it that a man is unhappy to take him under its protection. All these efforts proceed only from pain, and if sorrow did not participate of Mercy, it would not act with so much vigour; for self-love has wrought so great a degree of disorder in us, that divine Providence must needs makes us wretched through pity, to inter-

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rest us in the wretchedness of another. If we were to remain unaffected, we should seek out no remedy, and never think of curing an evil we behold with an eye of indifference: But Mercy being a holy contagion, making us sensible of the deplorable condition of our neighbour, we help him to solace ourselves, and assist him in his wants, to deliver us from the pain we find the smart of. Thus it is that misery teaches us Mercy, and our own distress invites us to remedy that of others. Who could condemn so just a feeling, and who should dare blame a Passion to which we are indebted for our innocence? If the miserable are sacred persons, shall the merciful be decried as prophane? If we respect those that have suffered by the attacks of Fortune, can we blame those that assist them? If we admire long-suffering, shall we despise compassion? If Misery draws tears from our eyes, shall not Mercy extort praises from our mouth, and shall not we adore a virtue, which Jesus Christ was pleased to consecrate in his person? Before the mystery of the Incarnation, he had only that mercy which relieves the unfortunate without experiencing their misfortunes, which cures the disease without catching

catching it, and which comforts the afflicted without increasing their number: He saw our miseries and did not feel them; his goodness making use of his power succoured the miserable, and was not afflicted by them: But since he vouchsafed to become man, he has mingled his tears with ours, he has permitted our griefs to wound his soul, and he was willing to suffer our miseries to learn Mercy. We have therefore full allowance to exercise a virtue which Christ practised, and we may become wretched without any disparagement to our honour, since the Son of God, in whose person not the least shadow of a fault can be observed, was willing to feel the afflictions of his friends, and to shed tears in pity of them, before he performed miracles for helping them. This Passion has therefore been a subject of honour to all Christian Philosophers, who, to raise its merit which the Stoics have vainly endeavoured to depreciate, give it a glorious title, and admit it into the company of Virtues. They acknowledge that it may be of service to Reason on all occasions of life, and so it be consistent with justice, when it relieves the poor, or pardons criminals,

minals, one must be barbarous not to hold it in veneration.

Upon the whole, and from all that has been hitherto discussed and elucidated, there is no Passion of our soul but may be usefully managed and conducted by Reason and the Law of Grace: For to recapitulate in a few words all that we have said in this work, Love may be changed into a sacred friendship, and Hatred may become a just indignation. Moderated Desires are helps to acquire all Virtues, and Flight is the principal defence of Chastity. Hope animates us to noble actions, and Despair dissuades us from rash enterprizes. Fear is an aid to Prudence, and Courage to Valour. Anger, how fierce soever, takes part with Justice. Innocent Joy is a fore-taste of felicity, and Grief is a short pain delivering us from eternal punishment; so that our salvation depends on the good use we make of our Passions, and Virtue cannot subsist but by the harmonic proportion we maintain through all the moving springs of our soul.

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